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JANUARY 13, 1971

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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OLD AGE, as most any grandparent will tell you, is now a pretty special time of life.

Actually, it's hard to believe that it was ever any different—but it was.

Because back when today's grandparents were children, the average adult lived only 49 years. In those days, many children never knew what it was like to even *have* grandparents—let alone see them as healthy and active as the fascinating companion pictured above.

But today, thanks to the development of better medicines (and the skill of physicians who know how to best *use* these medicines), the average man lives 13 years longer—with the expectation that these

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PARKE-DAVIS

... PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES SINCE 1886

LETTERS

Paging the Pentagon

Sir: Enjoyed your Dec. 23 article, "Break Up the Joint Chiefs." I feel that the military situation would be enhanced greatly if this were done. As a starter, the Pentagon should conduct a thorough study of the German World War II Armed Forces Supreme Command. They might find many fertile ideas.

LEWIS ELVIN

Arlington, Va.

Sir:

In advancing the views of Generals Doolittle and Gavin, TIME has accepted at face value the statements of two officers renowned for extreme partisanship on behalf of their own services. There are military men of sound and sober judgment in Washington today who are willing to place national interest ahead of interservice politics. To the extent that the Indians in the Pentagon will let them, they are slowly succeeding. The men I refer to are the chairman and members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

M. B. TWINING
Lieut. General, U.S.M.C.

Quantico, Va.

Electing a President

Sir:

It is now apparent that the American electorate made a mistake in electing Eisenhower instead of Stevenson in 1956. Stevenson should be elected President in 1960, but to be elected, he must first be nominated. The politicians who nominate often lag behind the people who elect. I hope that the Democratic politicians do not compound the past failure of the electorate by refusing to give the American people the democratic opportunity of correcting an error.

STANLEY A. FRANKEL

Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sir:

The job of President is too big for any one man; the country should be run by a Supreme Court. Too long the fate of the nation has been in the hands of mere politicians, among whom there is not a statesman in a thousand carloads.

CHARLES OVERILL

Santa Ana, Calif.

Bulldog Buchwald

Sir:

Thank you for the hilarious Dec. 30 article, "Summit Simmer." May I suggest that Art Buchwald of the *Herald Tribune* take

over as White House Press Secretary? At least he has a sense of humor, something totally lacking in Ike's little bulldog.

ALBERT M. GROSSMAN

Philadelphia

The Holts' Story

Sir: The Holts' story was like a mountain breeze on an August day in Iowa.

BARBARA J. HAND

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Sir:

Seeing the picture you had [Dec. 23] of the Holt family and the eight Korean-G.I. children they had adopted was a highlight for me in the holiday season. One of those eight was a little girl that I picked up from the mud of a paddyfield in Korea 2½ years ago. She was frightened and ostracized by the other village children. I came in contact with Mr. Holt on his first trip to Korea, and this little girl was one of the first he adopted; I shall always remember him for his genuine love and concern for the destitute children of Korea.

TALMADGE F. MCNABB
Chaplain (Captain), U.S.A.

Fort Benning, Ga.

¶ For the same little girl, now five-year-old Christine Holt, see cut.—ED.

The Moppet Market

Sir:

You did a masterly summary of the children's book situation in this country. It had just the right blend of historical and contemporary, commercial and literary.

DOROTHY HANSEN

Deerfield Beach, Fla.

Sir:

Thank you for the very generous treatment you gave me and my work. Of course I can't agree entirely with your thought-provoking article, but definitely, from now on, all the millions of parents and all the Aunt Emmas who will read your article will take a closer look at the new book they bring home to fill an empty moment in a child's life; and they might worry a little too



Edmund Y. Lee
CHRISTINE

(along with all of us who work on children's books and worry a lot) how the child will receive and react to the new book.

LOUIS SLOBODKIN

New York City

Sir:

May I suggest that the person responsible for your article visit the children's department of the local public library, especially during story hour, before drawing further generalizations about "the grey eminences that keep things so grey."

B. M. SULLIVAN

Boston

Sir:

I was happy to see in your delightful article special mention made of the wonderful children's classic (and my favorite) *The Poky Little Puppy*. Couldn't you have told who the author is?

ROBERT MCCARL

New York City

¶ Janette Sebring Lowrey.—ED.

Europe's New Churches

Sir:

Your Dec. 23 pictures of contemporary church architecture are an inspiration toward a better architectural environment for all people.

S. ROBERT BRONFEN

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

I notice that the Roman Catholics are at last building churches that are in good taste; far too many of them have exhibited appalling taste in the past, particularly in their church interiors. Old-fashioned parlor frills, shrines and plaster statues with painted faces resembling Kewpie dolls have no place in a tasteful church interior, and reduce it to the level of the 5 & 10¢ store. Church interiors and altars that reflect peaceful dignity and serene beauty are nearly always found among the Lutheran and Episcopal churches. It looks as though the Roman Catholics have taken a lesson from them.

CHARLES GRANT MARLOWE

Berkeley, Calif.

Cause & Effect

Sir:

That was a very fine article on the problem drinker [Dec. 23]. It is heartening to know, and I will frankly admit I never knew, that so many leading American companies have such excellent programs for rehabilitating alcoholics and that they are making a success of it. However, I feel that they are dealing with the effects. They should put forth the same amount of time and effort to remove the cause—provided that our churches wake up and help them as they should.

CHARLES DOESCHER

Waterbury, Conn.

Sir:

TIME's excellent summary of a "cure" for industry's \$1 billion hangover is a superb contribution to the awakening of business and industry to a responsibility.

ELIZABETH D. WHITNEY

Boston Committee on Alcoholism, Inc.

Boston

Black Bishops

Sir:

Anglican dioceses in Africa also have black bishops [Dec. 23]. The 670,000 Anglicans in West Africa have eight natives in the episcopate, and the million Anglicans in Central and East Africa have six more. The policy of advancing native Africans to

TIME is published weekly by TIME INC., at 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., Alaska, Hawaii, Canada and Yukon, 1 year, \$7.00; 2 years, \$11.00; 3 years, \$14.00. 5 years, \$20.00. Europe, Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Guam and Japan, 1 year, \$10.00; all other countries, 1 year, \$12.50.

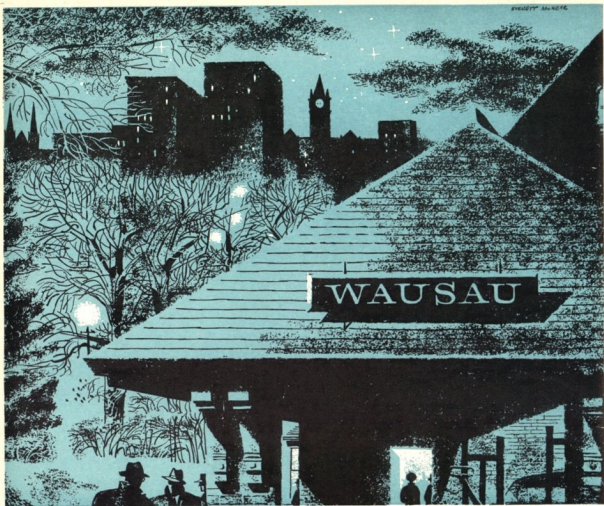
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How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?

The fishing's good near Wausau. It's only a stone's throw to where the deer run. Once in a while, they say, a lynx comes down from the north.

And it's the home of one of the world's most important insurance companies.

How come?

This was lumber country once. And lumbering was a hazardous business. 46 years ago a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers under Wisconsin's new workmen's compensation law. The group came to be called The Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided the company from the very beginning.

How come?

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost personal character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

There was a "Wausau personality" about us that people seemed to like and we didn't

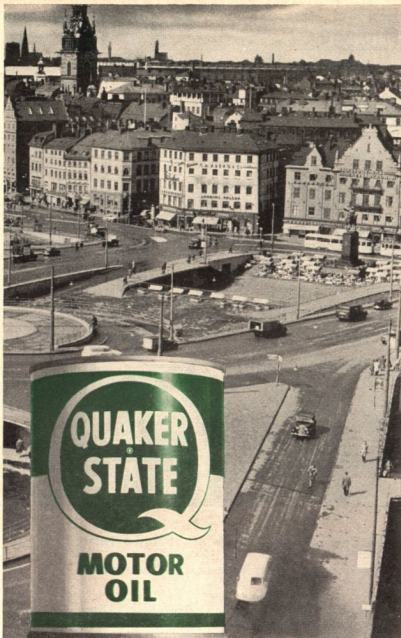
want to lose. We're a large company today. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance, and are one of the very largest in workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born and raised in Wausau, that we aim to hold. One is unexcelled service on claims. The other is an accident prevention program that means lower costs to policyholders.

We're still "Wausau." But today there are offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau in 104 cities. "A little bit of Wausau" is near you, wherever you live. And we're still good people to do business with.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



"Good people to do
business with"



Big news on the road today is Quaker State. This highest quality motor oil is preferred the world over by people who really care for their cars. It's refined from only the purest Pennsylvania oil stocks and specially fortified to give cleaner, longer-lasting engine protection. Why not treat *your* car to Quaker State . . . *it's the best motor oil money can buy!*

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the episcopate is not a recent Anglican practice; the first such was a rescued slave, Samuel Adjai Crowther, who was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Canterbury Cathedral in 1864. He served as bishop on the Niger for 27 years.

(THE RT. REV.) JOHN S. HIGGINS
Bishop of Rhode Island

Providence

Sir:

An extremely interesting article on the growth of the Catholic Church in Africa. The term "blacks," however, might offend many. Shouldn't you refer to them as "native clergy"?

EVELYN HAETTESCHWILLER
Sauquoit, N.Y.

Sir:

I was honored by your fair review of my book. As you say, the new Roman Catholic native bishops often descend from kings (or chiefs) of cruel ancient tribes. It was France and the other powers that freed the numerous slaves of these kings and chiefs. As the example of Ghana already shows, by gaining "independence" too soon, the natives often lose their individual liberties in a new theocratic dictatorial state, where politics is in the hands of the clergy and feudal families. In such a "clerical" state, democracy and human liberties—liberty of expression and of conscience—are bound to be in regression.

FRANÇOIS MÉJAN
Paris

Sprinkling Good Will

Sir:

TIME quoted TV Director John Frankenheimer as he directed a *Playhouse 90* scene set in a police station: "... The ceiling is too beautiful. I want it cruddy. Put sprinklers in it." We feel that this is offensive. The automatic sprinkler industry has done an outstanding job over the years of saving billions of dollars in American property and has saved countless lives from death by fire. Automatic sprinklers do not produce a "cruddy" appearance any more than radiators, light fixtures or electrical devices.

RAYMOND J. CASEY
National Automatic Sprinkler
and Fire Control Association
New York City

The Catholic Candidate

Sir:

The letters you published from bigoted, ignorant people, who say why they would not vote for Senator Kennedy for President, are a disgrace. They help to show why a good many people are not fit to vote.

HOWARD GADLIN
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir:

Concerning the letter of John R. Stevenson of Yoder, Wyo.—by all means, no Kennedy for President. He is a Catholic, and all Catholics are bad. His grandfather was a saloonkeeper, and they are all bad. He comes from a town where 99.9999% of the folks have never heard of Yoder, Wyo. Man! That's real bad!

RAY HACKETT
Chicago

Gopher This?

Sir:

We all got a bang out of your Dec. 23 People item on the lion Mary Hemingway shot. I know how she feels. I once shot a gopher that way.

MRS. HARRY UPTON
Webster, S. Dak.

TIME

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TIME, JANUARY 13, 1958

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen



OOZLEFINCH

IN the Pentagon office of the U.S. Secretary of Defense, on the or-
nate library table once owned by Wil-
liam Tecumseh Sherman, perches a
model of the Oozlefinch Bird, a won-
drous creature indeed. This week, as
the Congress returns to a Washington
torn between the costly requirements
of national defense and the allure of
economy in an election year, and as a
high-powered Rockefeller committee
reports on the faults of the nation's
defense organization, the Secretary of
Defense need be even more wondrous
than the Oozlefinch. For an appraisal
of Neil Hosler McElroy, sixth U.S.
Secretary of Defense, see NATIONAL
AFFAIRS, *The Organization Man*.

TEENAGERS all over are bypassing
rock 'n' roll for rockets—not always
with happy results. For news about kid
rockets and how not to build them,
see SCIENCE, *The Young Rocketeers*.

SOMEWHERE in the maze of U.S.
weapons technology, some gold-

braided Navy and Air Force officers
sat down in the Pentagon last week to
consider the destiny of the shitepoke.
What is the shitepoke? See NATIONAL
AFFAIRS, *A Nuclear-Powered Plane?*

UNDER the banner of "peaceful
competition," the U.S.S.R. has
taken the offensive on a cold-war
front that it long ignored. To measure
the success of this offensive, TIME's
Foreign News section queried corres-
pondents in 15 countries for on-the-
spot appraisals of the Soviet foreign-
aid program. For the results, see FOR-
EIGN NEWS, *Challenge in Giving*.

SURGEONS dream of the day when
they will be able to replace any
worn-out or damaged human organ
with a spare part, either artificially
made or taken from another person.
That medical Utopia seems to be com-
ing closer. Last week a little boy with
a ruptured aorta was technically dead
for 2½ hours while surgeons put in a
new bit of vital plumbing donated by
a man recently dead. Another surgical
feat, less dramatic but equally remark-
able in its own way, was performed
on a pretty teen-ager who, without
knowing it, was becoming deformed by
a curvature of the spine. For a progress
report on both patients see MEDICINE,
The Heart That Stopped, and *The
Role of the Turtle*.

ILLUSTRATION—ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN BIRDS



SHITEPOKE

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X



Fashion's a wow in Wahoo

via Air EXpress with exclusive door-to-store delivery!

America's so-called "sticks" are going the way of the Toonerville Trolley. From Wahoo, Nebraska, to Waites Corner, Massachusetts, today's ladies want Fifth Avenue fashions. Not tomorrow. But right now. So an alert dress manufacturer expands his sales by bringing style to small-size, big-money towns, coast to coast, overnight! And he does it via Air EXpress, the *only* complete door-to-store air shipping service to thousands of cities and towns!

You can expand your market in exactly the same way — no matter what you make, or where. Air EXpress gives you every metropolis in the nation, plus some *21,000 off-airline communities!* And it's Air EXpress that puts at your beck and call 10,212 daily flights on America's scheduled airlines, 13,500 trucks (many

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Freezing Winds

Into Gettysburg last week clicked a New Year's greeting from Russia's Khrushchev, Bulganin and Voroshilov ("We express the hope that the forthcoming year will be a year ... when the great principles of peaceful coexistence ... will become the basis of mutual relations between our states") that turned out to be one of the week's cheerier messages to Dwight Eisenhower. At home, retired Defense Chief Charlie Wilson declared to New York *Herald Tribune* Washington Bureau Chief Robert J. Donovan (who wrote the authorized account, *Eisenhower—The Inside Story*) that Ike himself was to blame if this fiscal year's defense budget was really cut too deeply. New York's Democratic Congressman Emanuel Celler sniped at "government by regency" and suggested that the President, if ailing, should retire. White House newsmen began pointing up the fact that Ike had not faced a press conference for nine weeks.

While the Ike-can-do-no-right cries were louder than ever before, the President seemed unperturbed. As the year's first freezing winds swept his fields, Ike ignored the catcalls, sighted instead on his first major duties of 1958, the State of the Union message and the budget.

"Tentative Finality." The 30-minute State of the Union report ("good"—with qualifications) and the budget (see below) were well roughed out before the President left Washington for his work-and-rest vacation (highlighted by granddaughter Susan's sixth birthday and a quiet New Year's Eve gathering with the John Eisenhowers, the Jim Hagertys, Farm Manager Arthur Nevins and Mrs. Nevins). But, as usual, there were final details to be decided. To Gettysburg came couriers carrying freshly typed drafts; back they sped to Washington, with here and there a penciled Eisenhower notation. Occasionally along the road the couriers passed higher-level visitors inbound to the farm. The week's first: Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Marion Folsom, who came for final approval of HEW's four-year plan for aid to scientific education (see EDUCATION). One day, comfortably dressed in a checked sports shirt and sports jacket, Ike sat at a coffee table for two hours with Budget Director Percival Brundage and Science Adviser Dr. James R. Killian Jr. for a page-by-page budget review.



EISENHOWER WITH BUDGETEER BRUNDAGE & SCIENTIST KILLIAN
In delicate balance between economy and urgency.

At midweek the President motored back to the capital for a two-day round of talks. At the White House he saw Defense Secretary Neil H. McElroy and Deputy Secretary Donald Quarles, reached with them a "tentative final figure" for defense next year. Next day he convened his first full Cabinet meeting in four weeks, led a general discussion on the State of the Union message, which each Cabinet member had received for review a day earlier. Leaving Vice President Nixon in charge of the meeting, the President went down the hall to witness the swearing-in of his new Civil Rights Commission. In high good humor Ike insisted on presenting Michigan State's Dr. John Hannah and his five commissioners their "diplomas," i.e., commissions neatly tied in blue ribbon. Then, in more serious vein, he invited them to pull up chairs to hear his own strong hopes for their work in racial relations and to ask questions.

Stay-at-Home. With the budget ready for returning Republican congressional leaders to see this week, Ike returned to the farm at week's end with old friend and American Red Cross President Alfred Gruenther. He missed church, stayed indoors, and did not even play bridge with Gruenther, his favorite partner. Press Secretary James Hagerty admitted that the President would probably cancel his long-

standing date to speak Jan. 20 at a G.O.P. fund-raising dinner in Chicago (honoring the fifth anniversary of his inaugural), would instead address a nationwide string of dinners by closed-circuit television. Apparently Ike was sidestepping both political fire and grass-roots politicking, was saving his energies for what he considered the major battles of cold war and peace.

THE BUDGET

Shapes Beneath the Wraps

Under a shroud as concealing as the wraps around an Atlas missile last week was the U.S. budget for the fiscal year 1959 (beginning next July 1). But like a big missile's cover, the shroud could scarcely conceal the gigantic bulk: record peacetime \$73.5 billion to \$74 billion. Even a few of the budget's major components were becoming noticeable. Items:

DEFENSE. The Administration is already set to ask a supplemental appropriation of \$1.3 billion under the present (1958) budget, beyond that will seek \$40 billion for fiscal 1959. The Air Force will get about \$19 billion, the Navy about \$11 billion, the Army about \$9 billion, and the Office of the Secretary of Defense about \$1 billion. New this year is an additional request in the White House budget

for a \$500 million "contingency fund," for quick commitments whenever breakthroughs are scored in weapons research and development.

FOREIGN AID. The Administration will ask just under \$4 billion for continued foreign economic aid (\$3.4 billion this fiscal year), is bracing for the usual anti-aid blasts. Last week came the first blast, Louisiana's Congressman Otto E. Passman, Democratic chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Aid, charged that a State Department report on how Russia is spending \$1.9 billion worth of foreign aid in underdeveloped nations (see FOREIGN NEWS) was released to scare Congress into upping U.S. aid.

EDUCATION. To stimulate scientific education, the Department of Health, Education & Welfare will seek an initial \$224 million for a federal scholarship program (see EDUCATION). In addition, the National Science Foundation's fund for non-defense pure research grants (\$17 million this year) will be raised to about \$50 million.

Despite major increases for defense and education, the Administration expects that the record budget can be kept in balance without tax increases. On the revenue side it will recommend continued excise taxes, will gamble that a business upswing by midyear will guarantee a higher level of tax revenue than in 1958. On the expense side, the Budget Bureau will scissor administrative non-defense spending; e.g., the Interior Department will start no new dam or reclamation projects (with the possible exception of the \$400 million-plus Colorado River storage dam at Glen Canyon, Ariz.); non-essential defense spending for "chrome trimmed" military construction will be put off.

In addition, the President is expected to make a brave try to get Congress to face up to some of its budget-cutting responsibilities. Among the possibilities: cut down on certain veterans' pensions in line with the recommendations of a 1956 commission chaired by Five Star General Omar Bradley; let the \$500 million-a-year acreage reserve portion of the farm soil bank program lapse without renewal; reduce the federal share of contributions to public assistance payments (e.g., medical care and old-age allotments); and end federal spending in the fields of vocational education and such minor federal programs as water pollution control.

Next week the budget's wraps come off and Congress gets to work. Facing the men of Capitol Hill are three conflicting impulses: the desire for pork-barrel spending in an election year, the desire to economize, the desire to keep up with Russia without going into debt or raising taxes. Already Americans for Democratic Action demand a \$78 billion to \$80 billion budget; contrariwise, penny-saving House Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon has harrumphed that "a great many people are going to use national defense as a reason to bolster their requests for bigger appropriations." What will finally come out will be clear only when the countdown ends late this spring.

FOREIGN RELATIONS The Attack Against Dulles

In London, U.S. Ambassador John Hay Whitney was chatting not long ago to a roomful of influential Britons and Americans about some airy new suggestions for U.S. foreign policy. Said he: "There is even the proposal to send Mr. Dulles behind the Iron Curtain." From somewhere out of the back of the room a senior civil servant muttered something that sounded like "and keep him there." "Jock" Whitney broke into a grin and said chidingly, "Now, now." The whole room shook with laughter.

U.S. diplomats in almost every major capital of the free world could sympathize with Jock Whitney's predicament. Reason: foreign antagonism to the U.S. Secretary

Hard Man, Hard Decisions. The current surge of anti-Dulles feeling comes principally because many of the free world's politicians and pundits are trying to sidestep the hard decisions of defense by agitating for a new parley at the summit with the Kremlin. Dulles is known for his unchanging distrust of Communist promises. "Dulles," said England's liberal *Manchester Guardian*, "is creating for himself something of the reputation of a professional anti-Soviet, someone to whom every action by the Soviet government appears suspect or worse by reason of its origin rather than by its nature. That is a reputation which no one who is responsible for America's foreign relations can afford."

But ill will toward Dulles has been building for a long time. Britain never forgave him for blurring, after the Suez crisis—while attempting to point up the Middle East's low esteem for Britain and France—that if he were an American soldier he would not like to fight beside British and French troops in the Middle East. (DULLES INSULTS OUR FORCES, shrieked London's tabloid *Daily Sketch*.) France will not forgive Dulles for his support of local movements against French colonial rule in Indo-China, Tunisia and Morocco. Nor will India forgive him for calling Goa, an Indian-claimed Portuguese colony on the India mainland, "a Portuguese province." Israel remembers that U.S. policy was much more pro-Israel during the Truman Administration. Egypt's Nasser hates Dulles for calling Nasser's attempt to play off Russia against the West. And Arabs in general will not forgive him for defending Israel's right to exist.

Loved for His Enemies. Noting the rising attack on Dulles, his friends, often less articulate than his enemies, have begun to rally. Turkey, threatened only last fall by Khrushchev's rocket-rattling, is all the way for Dulles. In Bonn, a West German Cabinet minister, while urging more energetic U.S. leadership, added thanks for America's Dulles: "We would rather have a purposeful man than a gambler. The stakes are too great. Dulles is a sober man. He would never go to Munich, as Chamberlain did."

In the U.S., while Columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop sniped at Dulles and Chicago Publisher John S. Knight clamored for his resignation, Columnist David Lawrence noted: "If ever a man should be loved for the enemies he has made, it is John Foster Dulles . . . who believes that the U.S. should be guided by its conscience in world affairs and should not encourage gangsterism or the exploitation of weak and undeveloped countries by imperialists. He is convinced that moral force can win the support of right-thinking people throughout the world, and that meanwhile a strong military force, capable of massive retaliation, is the best deterrent of aggression."

Expert Solace. Dulles himself is aware as rarely before that it is almost impossible for a U.S. Secretary of State, by the power of his position and the difficulty of pleasing everybody, to be popular. Beyond



WEST GERMAN VIEW OF DULLES
"Honest John"

of State, long serious but diffuse, is becoming more and more a concentrated and measurable factor in world affairs. "Damned Dulles!" swore an Indian lawyer in Calcutta last week. "He is responsible for the tensions of the world! He is not allowing the Americans to come to terms with the Russians!" Added a high French Cabinet minister in Paris: "This man thinks like a theologian. Eisenhower is the mystic, Dulles is the theologian. He is against the Russians because they don't believe in God." Said West German President Theodor Heuss in what was interpreted in Bonn to be a pointed criticism of Dulles' diplomacy: the West should "disentangle" itself from the "web of slogans and ideologies." And in London, when an expatriate American university professor told an audience of 2,000 British schoolchildren, "If Mr. Dulles resigned tomorrow, he would be making the greatest contribution to world peace," the schoolchildren cheered.

that, he is disturbed by the personal criticism and by the fact that some of his decisions have turned out worse than others, but he is not disturbed by the central attack against his evaluation of Communism. He is convinced that meaningless summit parleys tend to produce a let-down in the free world's sense of urgency. He is convinced that his policy toward the Kremlin, far from being "rigid" and "negative," is actually "flexible" and "positive," because it is based on the human aspirations and human drives of man's quest for freedom.

If Dulles needed any kind of expert solace last week, he could get it from behind the bars of the Iron Curtain cell of Milovan Djilas, ex-guerrilla leader, ex-Tito crony, now imprisoned for writing scathing anti-Communist articles and the bestseller *The New Class*. Wrote Djilas: "Dulles makes great mistakes in timing and procedure; but despite such mistakes he undoubtedly has a greater understanding of the world political picture than any other man in America."

ARMED FORCES

Exit Fighter

Of all the witnesses who testified before the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee on the state of the U.S. defenses, lean, beribboned Lieut. General James Gavin, 50, boss of the Army's Research and Development section, spoke up with the most telling criticisms and the most imaginative recommendations. Paratrooper Gavin declared that the Army could have put up its own Sputnik before the Russians (but was dealt out of the race), complained of what he felt was the continuing downgrading of the Army's mission in modern war, urged that the U.S. head straight past missile development into the no man's land of space-war thinking; e.g., develop a sophisticated satellite for reconnaissance as well as an anti-satellite weapon. Then, rising beyond his passionate service loyalties, Jim Gavin pointed out the weaknesses of the present Joint Chiefs of Staff establishment, said that U.S. defenses would never be satisfactory without some sort of general staff system.

As Gavin paused for breath, Subcommittee Chairman Lyndon Johnson asked him: "Do you anticipate any criticism as a result of your very frank responses to [our] questions?" Replied West Pointer Gavin: "No sir, I do not." Last week, to the surprise of his closest friends, Jim Gavin—often called the most important man in the Army—announced that he will retire in March, after 30 years of service.

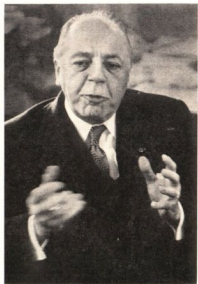
Scholar & Spaceman. The logical assumption was that somebody had made it clear to scholarly, impatient Jim Gavin that he had written off his chances of becoming Chief of Staff. Certainly his career had been headed in that direction. Born in Brooklyn, he climbed steadily up the brass rungs of the Army's ladder since the day in 1929 when he pinned on his shavetail's bars at West Point. General George C. Marshall tagged him as a comer early in



ARMY'S GAVIN
Too little space.

World War II. He served with distinction as General Matt Ridgway's deputy commander, jumped with the 82nd Airborne Division on D-day. At 37, succeeding Ridgway as boss of the 82nd, he was the youngest division commander in the U.S. Army.

As the Army's R. & D. chief, Gavin bristled with new ideas that he hoped would put the service into the space business; he got the Nike program into the field, helped the Army keep for a while its continental defense mission. He became the biggest inspiration for the Army's research work in missiles, protected the missilemakers at the Army's Huntsville Arsenal while they developed the Jupiter C without formal Pentagon authorization.



ARMY'S BRUCKER
Too little time.

Brilliance & Bluntness. The Army insisted that Gavin's decision to retire was wholly his own. Said Army Secretary Wilber Brucker, who spent 30 minutes trying to dissuade him: "We cannot afford to lose one of our most brilliant officers, one of the most brilliant we ever had." Gavin, who will be eligible for retirement in March, explained with his customary bluntness: "I am getting out, frankly, because I feel I can do more for our country's defense effort out of uniform than in. I have spent 6½ years out of the past nine in the Pentagon, and I haven't been able to do the things I think ought to be done. I have asked, recommended and pleaded with little success."

A Nuclear-Powered Plane?

In Deputy Defense Secretary Donald Quarles' office in the Pentagon last week a group of high-level Navy and Air Force officers got together to ponder a serious decision: whether the U.S. ought, in the age of the missile, to speed up a nuclear-powered airplane project, and, if so, what kind of plane, to perform what kind of mission, at what cost, and when. The Navy argued hard for a subsonic nuclear turboprop seaplane for antisubmarine warfare and long-range radar-warning patrol. The Air Force argued not quite so hard for a more advanced supersonic nuclear jet bomber. All believed that the Russians might soon have an atomic plane ready for testing.

The U.S.'s atomic-plane project has been slowed down three times since 1946 because critics argued that it was too complex, too costly (one flash estimate: \$1 billion minimum), that new missiles would make the new atomic plane obsolete before it could fly. In 1953 Defense Secretary Wilson called the atomic plane "a shitepoke"—a great big bird that flies over the marshes—you know—that doesn't have much body or speed to it, or anything, but can fly."

Last week the argument revolved around whether the U.S. ought to design and build an entirely new aircraft for nuclear power (time estimate: four to six years) or install a reactor to power an existing-type plane (time estimate: three years). The Navy said that it could adapt several of its seaplanes, including the experimental Martin P-6M multijet Seamaster or the old Mars, now up for sale, added that it would be safer to test a nuclear plane over sea than over land areas, where a crash might expose civilians to explosion and radiation. The Air Force said it could adapt its operational B-52 intercontinental jet bomber or its KC-135 jet tanker, but added that it was much more interested in getting a supersonic nuclear jet that would provide a new operational weapons system than it was in winning a round in psychological warfare. In the end the meeting agreed only that 1) the atomic-plane project needed more study, and that 2) the group would get together again to consider the results of that study soonest—"but not next week."

Webster: "Any of various herons . . ."

THE U.S.S.R.'S CHALLENGE

Rockefeller Report Calls for Meeting It With Better Military Setup, Sustained Will

INTO the post-Sputnik atmosphere of foggy fear and cautious reassurance came this week a careful, levelheaded assessment of the dangers that face the U.S. and some hardheaded suggestions as to what ought to be done about them. This was the Rockefeller Report, drawn by a panel of 19 citizens* after 14 months of hearing expert testimony, weighing evidence and hammering out conclusions. The report's basic message: the U.S., with perhaps a two-year clear superiority in striking power, is rapidly losing its lead over the U.S.S.R. in the military race. "Unless present trends are reversed, the world balance of power will shift in favor of the Soviet bloc. If that should happen, we are not likely to be given another chance to remedy our failings. However, it is emphatically not too late if we are prepared to make the required big effort now and in the years ahead."

THE SOMBER THREAT

The peril to the U.S., says the report, lies in the meeting of two separate dangers. These are 1) the Communist threat, striving with a combination of missile rattling and peace propaganda to dominate the U.S. and the free world; 2) the city-killing potential of new thermonuclear weapons.

The city-killing potential is grimly set out: "An attack on 50 of our most important urban centers would, in the absence of effective defensive measures, produce at least 10 to 15 million dead, 15 to 20 million injured from blast and heat, and another 25 to 35 million casualties from fallout."

Already the U.S.S.R., by sacrificing "the civilian sector" of its economy, had passed

* Panel II, one of seven panels set up in the Special Studies Project of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund Inc. of New York. Co-sponsors of the Defense Report: Investment Banker Frank Altschul, vice president, Council on Foreign Relations; General (ret.) Frederick L. Anderson, commander of the Eighth Bomber Command in World War II; onetime Assistant Secretary of the Army Karl R. Bendetsen; President Detlev W. Bronk of the National Academy of Sciences; former Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Gordon Dean; Physicist James E. Fisk of Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc.; Investment Banker Bradley Gaylord; Lawyer Rowell L. Gilpatrick, former Under Secretary of the Air Force; Investment Banker Townsend W. Hoopes; Johns Hopkins Administrative Officer Ellis A. Johnson; Harvardman Henry A. Kissinger, author of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* (TIME, Aug. 26); Colonel George A. Lincoln, West Point social scientist; Henry R. Luce, editor-in-chief, TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE; Lawyer Frank C. Nash, former Assistant to the Defense Secretary (who died during the study); Laurence S. Rockefeller; Harvard Economist Arthur Smithies; Physicist Edward Teller; Aeronautical Consultant T. F. Walkowicz; Industrialist Carroll L. Wilson, former AEC general manager.

the U.S. in the quantity and quality of many high-priority weapons. The Russian atomic stockpile, long smaller and less diversified than the U.S.'s, is now growing to the point where Communism can inflict grievous damage. The U.S.S.R. has a force of modern jet bombers with electronic defenses, a fleet of 400-plus submarines, even an arsenal of operational medium-range ballistic missiles with which the Communists can now attack targets in Japan, Formosa, and most of Western Europe (but the U.S.S.R.'s intercontinental missiles are still experimental).

And the U.S.S.R.'s greatest and growing advantage is that Communism, by its nature, is ready to strike the first blow and need prepare only for the war it proposes to fight, while the U.S., by its nature, must be defensive and gear its planning and procurement to any possible form of attack at any possible time.

Says the report: "Foreseeable new offensive weapons such as ICBMs—sudden in action, massively destructive, difficult to destroy either before launching or in flight—will greatly aggravate the problems of strategic defense and enormously increase its costs."

THE SPECTRUM OF RESPONSE

"The world knows that the U.S. will never engage in preventive war," says the Rockefeller Report. Nor can the U.S. turn into a coercive Communist-type garrison state. "The power which is generated by the voluntary effort of a free people cannot be equalled by the reluctant compliance of subject nations." The only choice for the U.S. is to generate the essential new power while also preserving and expanding the democratic vigor of the U.S. way of life and the growth of the domestic economy.

The time to begin: now. The cost: \$3 billion more for defense spending every year for the next several years, "with no leveling-off likely before 1965." The approach: a determined streamlining of plans and organization along the whole defense spectrum:

Strategic Concepts. Above all, the U.S. must plan for the all-out war. Therefore the U.S. must now increase the battle potential of the Strategic Air Command by multiplying and dispersing its bases, by maintaining a bigger strike force at the ready and in the air. The U.S. must tighten its defenses against enemy aircraft, missiles, and missile-firing submarines. The report takes a dim view of Naval aircraft carriers in the missile age, urges the Navy to spend more money on submarines and antisub protection.

The U.S. also needs to put new emphasis on land-sea-tactical air capability to

fight limited wars—nuclear or conventional ("Morality does not depend on the type of explosive but upon the use to which the explosive is put"). It must also be ready to support friendly governments in "concealed wars," i.e., to help quench subversion from within. "Unless we have a clear understanding of our national purpose and close political ties with other nations of the free world, we shall find ourselves paralyzed in the face of upheavals which may gravely imperil the safety of the whole world."

Defense Organization. In the light of new strategic concepts and new weapons technology, the old land-sea-air roles and missions of the Army, Navy and the Air Force are out of date (TIME, Jan. 6), and ought to be drastically revised. Items:

¶ The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who currently is an unofficial compromiser and adviser to the Secretary of Defense and President, should be designated the "Principal Military Adviser to the Secretary of Defense and the President," put in actual command of the Joint Chiefs. The chairman of the Joint Chiefs would head a sort of supreme staff in control of new "functional" commands, e.g., Strategic Air, antisubmarine warfare, continental defense, to suit modern operational requirements.

¶ The Secretary of Defense, now "so burdened with negative tasks . . . that he cannot play his full part in the initiation of high military policy," ought to serve as Deputy Commander in Chief to preside over operations, logistics and appropriations, to exercise direct personal charge of all research and development, e.g., outer-space projects.

¶ All U.S. officers above the rank of brigadier general or the equivalent should in effect be taken out of their old services to become officers of a new single-service "Armed Forces of the U.S." a new plateau of promotion to which all younger officers would presumably aspire. "Junior officers would know that their future would depend on their ability to take a broad view, rather than on the ability to defend the point of view of their service on interdepartmental committees."

Industrial Base. The U.S. needs a great and growing technological base, a pool of scientific talent and a high level of scientific ability to 1) maintain the strategic balance in the cold war's battle of the laboratories, 2) cut down the crucial "lead time" in which new weapons are brought from drawing board to operational capability. "Providing we apply [this technological base] with a clear sense of direction, [it] should enable us to assign high priority to a greater variety of projects than the U.S.S.R."

DEFENSE

The Organization Man

(See Cover)

At 9:15 on the fifth morning after Sputnik I changed military policy and practice for all time, a brand new U.S. Secretary of Defense, fresh from a world where Cheer is a product instead of an attitude, took over the cavernous office on Ring E, River Side, Third Floor, of the Pentagon.

Neil Hosler McElroy, 53, for nine years president of Procter & Gamble, sat down at Washington's largest desk (9 ft. by 4 ft. 11 in., with 20 drawers), which had been used by General John J. Pershing in World War I and by General George Marshall in World War II. Near by was William Tecumseh Sherman's ornate library table, and on it a model of the

held a brief press conference, discussed the fiscal 1959 defense budget with Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Nate Twining, was briefed by Defense Department Comptroller Wilfred McNeil on the National Security Council meeting scheduled for the next morning.

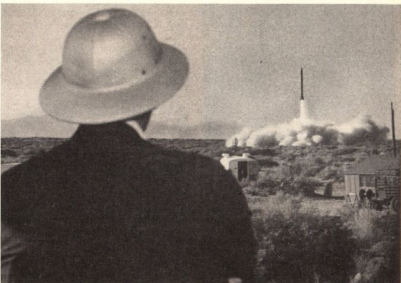
Defense Secretary McElroy had just come from the U.S.'s 29th largest corporation to the world's largest public business—and Procter & Gamble seemed small by comparison. P. & G.'s 1957 net sales of \$1,156,000,000 amounted to the operating costs of the Defense Department for ten days. Its \$67 million net earnings would buy little more than a fully equipped nuclear submarine. Moreover, the rush of military technology had made the job of Defense Secretary bigger and tougher than ever before. The Soviet satellite revised all military parameters, and it was

Tightening Alliances. For all the chronic talk among U.S. allies about neutralism, fear of Communist prowess, weakness of frail economies, inability to make sacrifices, U.S. allies as well as the U.S. have "an equal interest" in withstanding Communism in all-out or limited war. It is therefore in the equal interest of the U.S. and U.S. allies to 1) pool scientific and technical resources and brainpower, 2) tighten allied interdependence in command, 3) keep U.S. forces deployed in NATO's airpower and ground-power shield, 4) provide willing European allies with nuclear weapons and delivery systems—controlled by Europeans—"to give reality to the European sense of participation, which is a basic ingredient of the will to resist." And in the final analysis, whenever the U.S. choice lies between "acquiescence" in Communist aggression and acceptance of a split among allies, "we must act with resolution—or accept grave losses."

Civil Defense. "Our civil defense program and that of our allies is completely inadequate . . . In the age of the ballistic missile, the known capability of a society to withstand attack will become an increasingly important deterrent." Specifically, the U.S. must develop an attack-proof radio warning net, begin building radioactive fallout shelters coast to coast (but a fantastically expensive blast-shelter program deserves more study), disperse stockpiles of food to meet famine and industrial reserves to meet economic chaos (with immediate tax incentives for companies that build new plants away from target areas). Beyond this obviously costly program the U.S. should plan to help U.S. allies plan and pay for their civil defense programs too. "Civil defense will not be easy and it can never be complete . . . but protection against radioactive fallout and other contamination appears to be much more feasible."

Disarmament Talks. "Genuine, enforceable, inspected reduction of arms is an objective on which all Americans are agreed, [but] the illusion of security brought about by a spurious agreement to disarm would be a poor substitute for vigilance based on strength."

"A world from which the threat of war has been removed would correspond to the deepest desires of American society," the report sums up. "We like to believe that reasonable men can settle all disputes through good will and compromise, and that power should be invoked only as a last resort. We therefore tend to think of diplomacy and force as successive and separate phases of national policy. Unfortunately, the position in which we find ourselves does not permit such absolute distinctions. In a revolutionary period the ability and willingness to use force may in itself provide a factor of stability. To a world threatened by aggression and infiltration, American strength and resolution are essential if there is to be a guarantee of security . . ."



SECRETARY McELROY AT CORPORAL MISSILE FIRING
Exploring every niche of an air, sea and land empire.

U.S. Army

Oozlefinch bird, a frog-eyed, missile-toting creature, the insignia of Army missilemen at Fort Bliss, Texas. Also on the Sherman table were the three telephones whose rings, over the coming months, could only have deep meaning for Neil McElroy; the shrilling command phone over which word might come of war (its number is classified), the White House phone (NAtional 8-1414, ext. 72) and the regular Pentagon phone (LIberty 5-6700, ext. 55261).

Aboard & Working. For the first two hours that day, the red light outside McElroy's door signaled that the Secretary of Defense was aboard and working alone (red and white lights together mean that he is busy with visitors and not to be disturbed). He buzzed for the first of the dozen cups of black coffee he drinks daily, got it from one of the eleven mess attendants attached to his office (all security-cleared because they are in a position to overhear top-secret conversations). Then McElroy began the breakneck round of business that has not since let up: he

up to Neil McElroy to track the course for the U.S.

McElroy moved fast and surely. Even before he took office, he had toured U.S. military bases, poking into every niche of his new land, sea and air empire. Once installed, he drove up to Capitol Hill, appeared before Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee, answered questions with a candor that made senatorial friends, and in detail that showed he had done his homework. He stepped confidently into the high society of international diplomacy, went to London and Bonn and wound up at the NATO conference in Paris beside—if slightly to the rear of—President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles.

In the Pentagon itself, where in the last analysis he would either make or break himself, Neil McElroy began making decisions where for months there had been indecision, started reversing the policies that had caused the U.S. to fall be-



Yale Joel—LIFE

ABOARD THE "SEAWOLF"
For a submarine, a year's net.

hind in the struggle for technological superiority. "More decisions have been made in the Pentagon in the last six weeks than in the last six years," cried Texas' Lyndon Johnson. Said Pundit Stewart Alsop in an otherwise gloom-ridden column last week: "It begins to seem possible that the soap industry has miraculously given this lucky country a first-rate Secretary of Defense."

Shoestrings & Briefcases. No one knows better than blue-eyed, towering (6 ft. 4 in., 210 lbs.) Neil McElroy that he is still on his Defense Department honeymoon, that in part he looks good because the U.S. so badly wants him to look good, and that his fast start is worthless unless it is the first stage of successful long-term performance. But there are qualities in McElroy that make him a good bet—and Neil McElroy, himself a gambling man, would be the first to put his wager on his chances.

McElroy's own personal drive leaves no room for failure: years ago, as a very junior employee, he decided that he would one day become president of Procter & Gamble, imposed a strict discipline on himself, rammed straight to the top. His Pentagon job requires a sense of urgency, and Neil McElroy has always been a man in a hurry: he dresses fast ("He has broken more shoestrings than any other man in America," says a Cincinnati friend), walks fast ("You can't call a walk with

Mac a stroll. It's more like a run"), drives fast ("He's a good driver but he goes like hell"), flies fast, often pausing just long enough to stuff his toilet articles and an extra shirt into a briefcase before taking off cross-country.

In the masculine Pentagon world, McElroy is a man's man: he can be a two-fisted bourbon drinker, barely manages to suppress a lifelong passion for shooting craps, has a short-fuse temper and can use four-letter language that does not spell T-I-D-E. As Defense Secretary he must walk the tightrope between sufficient defense and national extravagance; McElroy's own nature is such that he could, without batting an eye, decide to spend \$50 million for Procter & Gamble to buy Clorox, yet at home in Cincinnati he long kept close personal tabs on the amount of gasoline his daughters bought.

"It's That 1%." Above all else, Neil McElroy is an expert organization manager coming to a Washington job where only an organizer can make a dent. Cincinnati's Procter & Gamble is the company of the organization man. People do not work for Procter & Gamble; they live it. The work product of each employee is measured as carefully as the chemicals in a detergent formula. Superiority, not seniority, is the basis for promotion—and the basis on which Neil McElroy was named president at 44.

Says Procter & Gamble's Board Chairman Richard R. ("Red") Deupree: "Management today doesn't require specific skills. A successful manager has to have overall skill of management. It's something in you that wants to come out. Mac makes quick decisions. He makes 'em fast. No one can be right all of the time, but Mac is right a majority of the time. An executive has to be right just about all of the time. He is making maybe 100 decisions a day, but if he knows his business he won't have to think about 99% of them. It's that 1% that separates the good executive from the poor one."

"Out Like a Cigar." The personal traits that Neil McElroy brings to the Pentagon have been in him a long while. He is a strong-minded man, and he was a head-strong child, with a habit of holding his breath until he got his own way (his mother finally cured him by throwing a can of cold water in his face). Raised in Madisonville, now part of Cincinnati itself, Neil was the youngest of three sons of a high-school physics teacher. He was reared on the run: from his earliest memory, all the considerable McElroy family energies were turned toward earning and saving enough money to send the three boys to college. The boys raised chickens in the backyard, delivered newspapers and advertising dodgers along the same route.

"We all learned to type," recalls Paul McElroy, now an engineer in Cambridge, Mass. "Father would bring home lists of teachers and set us down to the typewriter to copy them. Then he sold the list of names to advertisers [for promotion lists]. He was full of ideas." Result: Neil McElroy had saved \$1,000 by the time he got out of Withrow High School, and he followed his brothers to Harvard (all

three won scholarships from the Harvard Club of Cincinnati).

In Cambridge, Neil McElroy majored in economics, subbed in basketball ("I would be in for five minutes, then out like a cigar in a swamp"), tootled the piccolo, became president of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon chapter—and ran the float-est poker game in Matthews Hall. When his devout Methodist father heard about the poker, he insisted that Neil take up bridge instead (years before, figuring his sons should sin at home if they sinned at all, he had bought them a pool table to keep them from hanging around pool halls). The upshot: Neil McElroy plays both bridge and poker, enthusiastically and well.

One Way to Find Out. In 1925, planning to return for work at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, McElroy took a \$100-a-month summer job with Procter & Gamble. Says he: "I was a mail boy. That's where they tell you to open and read everybody's mail. It's one way of finding out what's going on." Ambitious, hard-driving Neil McElroy found out enough to realize that Procter & Gamble, with its incentives for the ambitious, hard-driving organization man, was the place for him. He never got to business school, instead stayed on at P. & G., first as a soap salesman, then in the advertising department. In the early 1930s he had an offer from a big New York ad agency. "I'm not going to take it," he told a friend. "I'm going to stay with Procter & Gamble. But I'm not going to be satisfied to be advertising manager." At that time he was still years away from being advertising manager—but he had already made up his mind to be president.

In his race for P. & G.'s presidency, McElroy got a strong hand up from Camilla Fry McElroy, handsome daughter of a Cincinnati industrial-soap manufacturer, whom he had married in 1929. "Camille" McElroy shared his ambition, helped him overcome a personal handicap of stuttering, entered into a family partnership to get him on his way. They limited their entertaining primarily to important P. & G. people, resolved never,



Topset Capitol

"ONE THING MORE, NEVER SAY—IF IT FLOATS IT'S GOOD FOR THE COUNTRY!"

never to go into debt—in fact refused to buy a house until they could do it without a mortgage. In due time he bought his present grey-green stucco house (known to visiting relatives as Grand Central Station) at 3478 Vista Terrace in the Hyde Park section of Cincinnati.

This joint enterprise, along with Neil McElroy's real professional abilities, worked spectacularly. McElroy was named Procter & Gamble advertising and promotion manager in 1940, a director and vice president in charge of advertising in 1943, general manager in 1946 and president (at \$285,000 a year) in 1948.

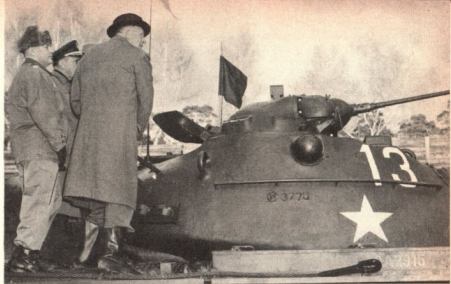
Two Washes for One Head. McElroy came up through the advertising route, but he bore no resemblance to the caricatured three-martini sincere-adman of Madison Avenue legend. In Procter & Gamble's tight check-and-balance organization, advertising was something of a science, tied closely to research and development, production and marketing. P. & G. advertising knew almost to the ounce how much soap each of its bubble-baths radio programs could be credited with selling. P. & G. advertising still does the weekly wash free for 100 Cincinnati housewives, checks them closely as to their likes and dislikes. In P. & G. beauty salons, ladies have their hair washed with two Procter & Gamble shampoos—one for each side of the head—to find out which they prefer, and why. Advertising studies tell Procter & Gamble whether Tide will sell better if it is white, blue or green, whether another ounce of Joy for the same price will pay for itself in increased sales. As P. & G.'s advertising chief, Neil McElroy was death on guessing about such matters. "I don't want opinions," he said repeatedly, "I want facts."

As president, McElroy still wanted the facts. "Just as he remembers names and faces," says a P. & G. executive, "Mac remembers facts, and woe be to anyone in the Pentagon who doesn't remember that Mac can remember every damn thing he ever saw. He can look at a page with hundreds of figures on it and get to the source of any error. He has the same ability to detect a flaw in an argument."

Procter & Gamble's organization existed to give its president the facts—and McElroy used them to make his top-level decisions. When a scientist wrote P. & G. suggesting that fluorine in toothpaste might prevent tooth decay, the company hired the scientist, launched an intensive research project which came up with the information that enabled McElroy to give the go-ahead on Crest.

Largely because of the impetus Neil McElroy gave to research and development, about 70% of Procter & Gamble's income last year came from products that did not exist a dozen years before. Overall results of the McElroy regime: Procter & Gamble's net sales doubled, moving over the billion-a-year mark, and P. & G. twice won awards from the American Institute of Management as the best-run company in the U.S.

"I'll Nail It Together." One of P. & G.'s traditions is that its executives should be active in the life of their community, and



At U.S. MANEUVERS in BERLIN
In ten days, a year's sales.

International

Neil McElroy became Cincinnati's No. 1 civic participant, belonging to everything from the Community Chest to the opera association (as well as the Rookwood Historical and Philosophical Society, a bigwig, poker-playing group). In 1950 McElroy's public spirit took him to a luncheon for the president of Columbia University, who needed \$25,000 to help finance Columbia's American Assembly, a series of conferences on public issues. After Columbia's president explained the project, McElroy asked him to "wait around for a few moments while I nail this thing together." On the spot he raised the \$25,000, and Columbia's Dwight D. Eisenhower was most impressed.

In 1952 Cincinnati McElroy contributed to the pre-convention campaign of Cincinnati Robert A. Taft, but supported Ike in the general election. As a Harvard overseer and an adviser to the University of Cincinnati, McElroy had long been a lay educational leader, and in 1954 President Eisenhower tapped him for a big educational assignment: chairmanship of the White House Conference on Education. Before taking the job McElroy first pondered whether it would "be good for P. & G." Then he bluntly asked Ike: "Are you genuinely interested in this problem, or are you doing this for window dressing?" Ike liked the frankness, assured McElroy that he was interested, and McElroy started on his 18-month task. Working with a group of rugged individualists, he came out with a hard-hitting, unified report recommending that expenditures for education be doubled. The President was again impressed. Last July, seeking a successor to Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, he sent the call to McElroy.

During their half-hour talk, McElroy accepted the President's offer on the single condition that he be allowed to take a leave of absence from (instead of quitting) Procter & Gamble (since P. & G. was willing to give up its small share of defense contracts, there seemed to be no conflict of interests). Before taking over, McElroy characteristically set out on his

tour of military establishments. On the evening of Oct. 4 he was at dinner at the Army's Huntsville, Ala. ballistic missile center when Rocket Scientist Werner Von Braun was called from the table. Von Braun returned, face flushed, with the news that Sputnik I was in outer space. Even then the Secretary-to-be sensed that the Defense job would never quite be the same again.

Faces on the Wall. In his new office McElroy operates under the gaze of his five predecessors, hanging in oil portraits on the pale blue walls. Set apart is the first Defense Secretary, tight-lipped James Forrestal, whose health was broken by the job. Frame by frame are jowly Louis Johnson, whose ham-handed economy, reducing the forces on the insistence of Harry Truman, left the U.S. almost totally unprepared for Korea; austere George Marshall, who had to work mightily to pick up Johnson's pieces; able Robert Abercrombie Lovett, who found that even-handed patience was not nearly enough for the Pentagon; and blunt Charles Erwin Wilson, whose experience remains most meaningful of all to Neil McElroy.

For right or wrong, better or worse, Charlie Wilson was the man most responsible for the situation McElroy found in the U.S. military establishment. Wilson's five-year tenure covered half the life span of the Defense Department, and his heavy thumb left the biggest print. When Wilson came to Washington the Korean war was about over, and his first big job was to convert to the long-haul New Look. He cut manpower, substituted the firepower of increasingly plentiful nuclear weapons, and it is Charlie Wilson's monument that he maintained an effective force-in-being that kept the peace for five rough years.

But Charlie Wilson's New Look lacked forward vision. He had little if any use for the basic research that makes possible the weapons of the future. Why is the grass green and the sky blue? Why do dried potatoes turn brown? What is the molecular secret of life itself? The answers could not shoot and therefore should not

be bought with defense dollars. Why would anyone want to go to the moon? An outer-space satellite could not destroy a target and should therefore have a relatively low priority. In 1957, for example, Wilson's research and development cuts took the Army down from \$596 million to \$327 million, the Navy from \$666 million to \$505 million ("That's a lotta money to spend on research, young fella," said Wilson to a Navyman) and the Air Force from \$1.2 billion to \$622 million. Said a top Army general last week: "Research is the goose which lays the golden egg. Wilson wanted the egg, but he didn't want to feed the goose." As a result the Soviet Union, by devoting its resources to

moved the freeze on overtime work—an economy measure—in the ballistic missile program. He restored \$170 million for research and development, released \$400 million, mostly for Air Force procurement (another \$300 million is to be released in the second half of fiscal 1958). It seemed unbelievable to McElroy that the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the civilian secretaries were so split that the U.S. has no overall war plan under which service roles and missions are definitely parceled out. He made it perfectly clear that they had better get together or some changes would be made.

McElroy jumped the Army's Jupiter C into the satellite race as a backstop to the

stopgap; e.g., it is entirely possible that neither Jupiter nor Thor but the Navy's solid-fuel Polaris is the IRBM of the near future. Neil McElroy has not yet had to put his personal drive or his organization-man's skill to the fullest test. Before he is through, he will have to. For the U.S. Secretary of Defense is no longer a man who prepares for hot war while the Secretary of State wages cold war. Indeed, U.S. defense shortcomings have been a major factor in the weakening of the U.S. diplomatic position in Europe. And not until Neil McElroy—or someone else—brings sound defense and sound organization to the Pentagon will the U.S. again move ahead positively in both hot and cold war capabilities.

TRAFFIC

Rearview Mirror

Now, if you'll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I'll tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there's the room you can see through the glass—that's just the same as our drawing room, only the things go the other way.

—Through the Looking-Glass

Like Alice, U.S. motorists, whose lot it is to dodge potholes, fight traffic jams and search for nonexistent parking spaces, last week won a privileged peek through their rearview mirrors into a magic world of wheels where things obviously go the other way. Home again in Madras, India (pop. 1,500,000) after a 50-day tour of Washington, D.C., New York City, Los Angeles and eleven other U.S. cities, Captain Dinakar Gnanaoliu, chairman of the Madras City Improvement Trust, summed up his impressions of U.S. traffic in Madras' daily *Hindu*.

"Most road surfaces are of highest quality, and all are dustless," said the captain. "Thousands of cars in every American town keep rushing past, one behind another, in two or three or four rows, all maintaining good speed in rhythmic, graceful waves of disciplined traffic. Traffic policemen are never seen on roads normally. They rush in from police stations only if there is an accident or anything untoward happens. All public buses invariably run on time, and are rarely overcrowded. The minimum sounding of the horn, by all motor vehicles, is amazing.

"No stray goats or cattle can be seen wandering on any of the roads to slow up vehicles or to nibble at young seedlings. I did not set my eyes on any horse-drawn or bullock-drawn vehicle."

Pondering the orderly flow of U.S. motor cars ("commonly called 'automobiles'"), Captain Gnanaoliu found that it was due partly to an unusual practice; i.e., roads are used only by motorists and sidewalks only by pedestrians. But above and beyond this mutually exclusive assignment of territory, the captain in 50 days discovered an ethical explanation that had a genuine looking-glass tinge: "All this is done spontaneously, with an inner urge in every man and woman to obey traffic regulations and not because a policeman is there to book them!"



Julianne Baker

McElroy's Family in Cincinnati*
Partnership with a purpose.

feeding the goose, got the golden egg.

Moreover, Charlie Wilson's idea of improving Pentagon organization was to bring in more civilian officials, some plain incompetent, few with much real military knowledge. While the professional military men, with all their parochial bickering, are far from blameless, it is nonetheless true that the major mistakes of Wilson's day were made by civilians. It was civilian mismanagement of funds last year that forced procurement cutbacks and threatened to wreck the nation's airframe industry. It was a civilian decision that left the Strategic Air Command with a majority of its force grounded for lack of gasoline last summer. It was a civilian decision to slap overtime restrictions on ballistic missile programs. And it was civilian indecision that left both the Army and the Air Force spending hundreds of millions for rival intermediate-range missiles.

Free Hand, Sure Touch. Neil McElroy's great advantage is that he has clear and specific authority for cleaning up the Pentagon mess. A few weeks ago President Eisenhower called him in and told him to get the job done—no matter how. Said the President of the U.S.: "You have a free hand."

So far the free hand has been used with an encouragingly sure touch. Hardly had McElroy taken office than he re-

Navy's lagging Vanguard. He figured that the IRBM rivalry between the Air Force Thor and the Army Jupiter had gone so far, taken so long and cost so much that both should be put into production. McElroy upgraded Deputy Assistant Secretary William Holaday to the post of missile boss. To those who doubted Holaday's ability, McElroy also let it be known that the Pentagon's real missile boss was Neil McElroy.

Diplomacy's Shortcomings. Finally, McElroy announced his intention to take outer-space research and development out of the hands of the separate services. He would, he said, set up an Advanced Research Projects Agency, staffed by the top scientific talent of all three services, to develop space projects to the point where they can be turned back to the services for operational use. At this infringement on their autonomy the services began grumbling, and Neil McElroy, going slow for once, has not yet named an ARPA head. "I am taking my time on this one," says he. "I consider this to be one of the key appointments I will ever make, and I don't want to be rushed into it."

Most of these moves were admittedly

* From left: daughter Nancy, son-in-law David Stanton Dimling, son Malcolm, daughter Barbara Dimling, wife Camilla.

IMMIGRATION

Asylum for a Cold Warrior

To the office of Jerzy Leon Nowinski, 52, professor of physics at the University of Warsaw, came an invitation to lecture from fellow scientists at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Nowinski, internationally known as an expert in the theory of elasticity (mathematical theory relating to reactions of different materials under varying strains and stresses), succeeded in getting permission from Warsaw's Communist government, arrived in the U.S. three months ago. But before he left Warsaw, he plotted with his wife, arranged an involved scheme whereby Mrs. Nowinski secured passports to Britain for herself and their seven-year-old daughter. Last week Attorney General William P. Rogers announced that Nowinski had asked for asylum in the U.S. and that it had been granted. The physicist, said Rogers, had acted shortly after he received word that his wife and daughter were safe in England; they, too, will become permanent U.S. residents.

In Baltimore, Nowinski explained simply that he had decided to stay in the U.S. because of "political, moral and religious conditions" in Poland. Added the professor, a Roman Catholic: "Our child had to attend school, and my wife and I decided she must attend a school with better religious and moral conditions." If the U.S. needs his help in furthering its progress in missiles and other space problems, Jerzy Nowinski humbly observed that "I would be willing, if asked."

YOUTH

Ruin Around a Rebel

In the New York City suburb of Mount Vernon, pretty, brunette Christine Nystrom had the glow of a model 16-year-old. "Of our four children, Chrissy was the one who could make a friend," said her father, tall, greying Fred Nystrom, co-founder and vice president of a construction machinery firm. "Whatever she does, she does well," added the pastor of Mount Vernon's First Presbyterian Church, who supervised Christine's work as president of the interchurch Youth Council. "A lovely, attractive girl, and always dependable," said the dean of girls at A. B. Davis High School, where Christine was honor student, cheerleader and senior class marshal. "You could call her well-stacked and a fun girl, but I'd rank her as one of the three most intelligent girls in our class," said Jeffrey Morris, who played Sir Joseph to Christine's Cousin Hebe in the school's *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

Yet interwoven with the model girl who never drank, smoked or rock-'n'-rolled, who was equally adept on the violin or in a choose-up neighborhood football game, was another girl who emerged last summer. Three times police spotted Christine aimlessly wandering Westchester County highways at night in jeans and sneakers; three times they packed her back home. "She was unhappy, but she never said just why," observed a girl friend. "Maybe she was lacking in love and affection at



WRECK SCENE (STOLEN CAR AT UPPER RIGHT)
"Whatever she does, she does well."

Associated Press

home," suggested Patrolman Daniel Rosato, who picked her up in November, handcuffed her when she scratched him and attempted to break away, finally cajoled her into talking about herself. "We never spanked her," said her mother, attractive Ruth Nystrom, "but I was strict with her. That's the way I was brought up. She didn't seem to resent it. Mothers used to say to me 'Oh, if only my daughter listened to me like that.' I guess she was rebelling against authority."

Wild Weave. Last week Christine rebelled for the fourth furious time. Walking along Mount Vernon's Lincoln Avenue one afternoon, she noted a red Chevrolet parked with ignition off but unlocked. Ex-

plained Christine afterward: "I just felt I had to break the law." She broke it by sliding behind the wheel, driving the car onto the Hutchinson River Parkway and heading south toward New York City. At a toll station, the same cop who had stopped her the first time as a runaway recognized Christine but not the car.

The policeman took after her in his patrol car, chased her about a mile, finally slowed down as his speedometer indicated 100 m.p.h. Just then he saw the Chevrolet start to weave back and forth across the three southbound lanes of the parkway. On one wild weave to the right it smashed into the rear of a Thunderbird convertible hugging the curbside, shattered it. The Thunderbird's driver, 47-year-old Richard Sperling, a Connecticut laundry manager and father of two, died instantly. The Chevrolet swerved onto a shoulder, rolled over four times, Christine was only dazed when she was dragged out. She stayed overnight in a Bronx hospital, refused to see her parents, declined all food beyond a glass of orange juice. Eventually she asked: "Was that man married?" When the policeman guarding her nodded, Christine wept at last.

Sad Note. Freed on \$7,500 bail, Christine at week's end was home again, intending to go back to classes, faced with a possible trial for vehicular homicide and grand larceny. She wandered aimlessly through the Nystroms' three-story Georgian house, once sat down to pen a short, sad note to Sperling's wife and son: "I wish it could have been me, instead of he, who died." Her pastor called to pray with her; a psychiatrist chatted with her for an hour and concluded: "I guess it amounts to the fact that there are two Christine Nystroms." Heartbroken and haggard, Fred Nystrom could only ponder the lives that Mount Vernon's model girl had mangled.



N.Y., Daily News

CHRISTINE NYSTROM
"I just felt I had to break the law."

FOREIGN NEWS

COLD WAR

Man Up?

Moscow censors this week cleared a press association story reporting that the Soviet Union had launched an experimental rocket carrying a human passenger 186.42 miles into the upper atmosphere. The story said the rocketeer had parachuted successfully to earth. There was no official announcement by the Kremlin, immediately.

Search for a Path

"We could start by a solemn pact of nonaggression." Of all the innumerable Communist proposals for settling East-West tensions, few have been more often repeated than this. Yet last week it was no Communist who said it, but a true-blue Tory—Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. Said Macmillan in a broadcast to the nation: "It would do no harm. It might do good."

Macmillan coupled his dramatic proposal with many a cautionary clause. He warned against the emotional appeal of a nuclear disarmament pact that might leave the West "virtually defenseless before the greatly superior weight of Russian conventional arms." He pointed out that every government since 1947, both Labor and Tory, had approved the basing of U.S. bombers in the United Kingdom for mutual defense. As to the new plan to install thermonuclear missiles in Britain—"If bases for nuclear rockets are the up-to-date equivalent for bomb-carrying planes, then our whole defense policy, our whole strategy, becomes meaningless unless we have these bases." Said Macmillan: "We have at least gained this—that we have such an even balance of power as makes war almost impossible. Do not let us lose this advantage. Therefore, in the plans proposed . . . we must see that this balance is preserved."

But the keynote of Macmillan's address to the British people was his avowed intent "to go on seeking for some agreement with the Russians." Said he: "For my part, I don't mind whether we make it through the United Nations or at some smaller meeting . . . The object would be to clear away the rubble of old controversies and disagreements, perhaps to get the path ready for a meeting of heads of government."

The Foreign Secretary. More than any other man, Harold Macmillan had inspired the NATO summit meeting in Paris—a feat which gave Britons the mildly exhilarating feeling that their counsels were again carrying their old weight in the world's chancelleries. Last week, as he prepared to depart on a five-week tour of Commonwealth nations, Macmillan was hailed expansively by some Tory supporters as "the Foreign Secretary of the West."

Macmillan had spoken in conscious



"SHALL WE . . . ?"

awareness of strong political pressure. There has been mounting nervousness in Britain over the fact that U.S. planes carrying hydrogen bombs fly out of British bases. Such nervousness has prompted widespread demands for new East-West talks. In London, reported the Gallup poll last week, 51% of the population favor an Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting, only 24% are opposed.

Back to Secrecy. Macmillan was responding not just to domestic pressure but to a mood that had swept a large part of the free world. French Premier Félix Gaillard endorsed the idea. India's Nehru and Pakistan's President Iskander Mirza quickly echoed him. Norway's Premier



Walter Bennett

BRITAIN'S MACMILLAN
Should we?

Einar Gerhardsen urged new attempts at "realistic discussions" between East and West. Even West Germany's President Theodor Heuss chimed in to plead for a return to "secret diplomacy" along the lines recently advocated by "the cautious and brilliant George Kennan."

Nothing that Harold Macmillan or his colleagues said implied any break or even quarrel with the U.S. This was talk and criticism of the kind that distinguishes true allies from satellites. Beyond domestic political situations it was prompted by a feeling that the West as a unit must re-examine some of its international assumptions in the light of Sputnik.

RUSSIA

Challenge in Giving

Since the fateful June day in 1947, when General George Marshall, U.S. Secretary of State, rekindled Europe's war-deadened spirits with his promise of massive infusions of U.S. financial help, economic aid has been one of the most effective instruments of U.S. foreign policy. But at Cairo's Afro-Asian Conference last week (see below), Soviet representatives were gleefully hammering away at a new theme: "The capitalists no longer have a monopoly of credit and machinery. The Socialist countries are really giving!"

By hindsight, experts date Russia's economic aid program from 1953. At that time, the argument goes, the Kremlin's bosses took due note of the U.S.'s vigorous response to the Korean invasion, concluded that further military adventures would be unprofitable. Last week, in the hope of averting further congressional cuts in U.S. aid, the State Department put out a statement showing that Russia and its satellites have now handed out to underdeveloped nations \$1.9 billion in loans and credits.

The Russians' economic drive was slow getting started, was stronger at first on promises than performance. Compared to the more than \$50 billion which the U.S. has dispensed in foreign aid since World War II, the Russian effort seems unimpressive. But today the Soviet bloc has aid agreements with eleven uncommitted nations, and its scientists and technicians are spread through eight more.

Unlike the U.S., the Iron Curtain countries almost never make outright grants of money; instead, they specialize in barter deals and in loans payable at a modest 2½ to 3% over periods ranging up to 30 years. They have avoided demanding any overt political pledge, are ostensibly content to establish economic beachheads in country and government while demonstrating their respectability. The results, as observed by TIME correspondents around the world:

INDIA. Capitalizing on the desperate Indian drive to create a healthy, modern

economy (TIME, Dec. 9), the Russians have set out to make India the showpiece of their Asian aid program. Out of the 1955 Bulganin-Khrushchev visit, India got one of Russia's rare outright gifts: \$1,500,000 worth of agricultural equipment for a state-operated mechanized farm. More important, capital-starved India has also received \$270 million in Soviet credits, nearly half of it earmarked for the Russian-designed Bhilai steel plant, which is being built under the supervision of Soviet technicians. Though it is only one of four foreign-financed steel mills currently under construction in India—the others are being built by Britain, West Germany and the U.S.'s Henry Kaiser—the Russian plant is by far the best publicized in India. U.S. aid, private and public, totals more than a billion dollars, but it has been spread over such wide and hard-to-dramatize areas as public health, education and agriculture, whereas any Indian can remember what the Russians have done: "They have given us a steel mill." So far, the caliber of Soviet aid has been relatively high. "The Russians are keeping their promises without fail," said one Indian expert. "Progress at Bhilai is ahead of schedule." But despite the U.S.S.R.'s best efforts, the Nehru government continues to resist proposals that would send too many Indians to Russia for technical training or allow Russian technicians to spread out over the Indian countryside.

CEYLON. Since April 1956, when Prime Minister S.W.R.D. Bandaranaike's left-trending government came to power, repeated threats of nationalization have dried up most sources of private capital, foreign and local. In partial compensation, Ceylon has got \$20 million from the Soviet bloc, the great bulk of it a grant from Communist China, which is hungry for Ceylon's rubber. Recently a 16-man Soviet delegation came to Colombo to talk over a proposed Soviet credit to finance oil prospecting, expansion of Ceylon's sugar and textile industries and construction of hydroelectric projects. Prospects that the Soviet credit would go through, announced Ceylonese Transport Minister Maithripala Senanayake last week, were "favorable."

EGYPT. The \$250 million barter deal that the Soviets negotiated with Nasser in September 1955 has cost Egypt dearly. What Egypt got was Czech arms—many of which were captured by the Israelis—plus such items as crude oil of such a high sulphur content that it damaged Egypt's refineries, and newsprint so coarse that it tore up Cairo's high-speed Western presses. In return, Nasser gave the Soviets a long-term mortgage on Egypt's cotton crop, the nation's No. 1 source of income. The Soviets started off by reselling Egypt's cotton on world markets at giveaway prices, thus undercutting Egypt's own sales. Then, in mid-1957, they abruptly stopped taking any cotton at all, leaving Egypt with one-third of her previous year's crop unsold. But Nasser, still un-

willing to come to terms with the West, two months ago signed up for another \$175 million in Soviet credits.

SYRIA. The Soviet aid agreement signed by the Syrians with such fanfare last October ostensibly commits the U.S.S.R. to supply in credits and technical aid about one-third the estimated \$600 million cost of 19 specific development projects (among them: oil exploration, port expansion, construction of a dam across the Euphrates). But the agreement also specifies that a separate accord must be negotiated on each project before actual work is begun. The result is that Russia is not legally bound to spend a single ruble on Syrian development. And, in fact, the agreement has not yet netted Syria a single ruble. Economists consider many of the projects overambitious for the Syrian economy. But unlike the U.S., the Russians profess themselves willing to undertake whatever projects the Syrians want, regardless of their fundamental economic

their usual practice, the Russians make little attempt to disguise the political strings attached to their offers to Yugoslavia, have pointedly frozen credits already agreed upon when displeased by Tito's diplomatic posture. (One consequence of this is that, despite the fact that the Russians first agreed to supply credits for it in August 1956, construction of a \$175 million aluminum plant in Montenegro has now been postponed to 1960 at the earliest.) The Yugoslavs are also distressed by the poor quality of East German equipment purchased with Soviet credits, have left hundreds of East German cars and other machines sitting forlornly idle in a huge vacant lot in the center of Belgrade. The only solid benefit Yugoslavia has got out of Russian aid, declared one disillusioned Yugoslav economist last week, was a loan: \$50 million in gold and hard currencies.

AFGHANISTAN. This small (pop. 12 million) but strategic country has accepted



SOVIET BOSS & HELPERS AT BHILOI MILL
Economic ties can also bind.

Government of India

utility. Thus the Russians have achieved their real objective, which is not to make the Syrians prosperous but to keep them happy.

THE SUDAN. A Russian offer to trade arms and machinery for surplus cotton has so far met with no success. But last year an estimated 200 Sudanese went to the U.S.S.R. at Russian expense as students or visitors. Says a Western diplomat in Khartoum: "The Soviet appeal is that they pay attention to people who have never had any attention paid to them before. They offer free trips to Moscow to people who have never been ten miles out of Khartoum. I'd go too."

YUGOSLAVIA. Tito has signed agreements for about \$450 million in nonmilitary aid—more than Russia has granted any other non-satellite nation. But in contrast with

\$145 million in Soviet credits, now ranks among the five top recipients of Russian aid. The bulk of the Soviet money has gone to finance arms purchases, hydroelectric projects, grain elevators, a flour mill and a bakery. The Russians' most conspicuously successful gesture in winning Afghan good will was paving the streets of Kabul—a project that had been turned down by the U.S. as economically unproductive. Despite signs that its rulers are worried at the prospect of sinking too deep into the Soviet embrace, nearly half of Afghanistan's foreign trade is now with Russia; when the time comes to begin paying off the Russian loans in Afghan products, the percentage will rise even higher.

INDONESIA. Strong opposition from anti-Communist leaders has so far pre-

vented Indonesia's Parliament from formally accepting the \$100 million loan offered by the U.S.S.R. in 1956. But Indonesia has accepted 4,500 Russian jeeps (purchased with a \$6,000,000 credit), and near Djokjakarta 40 East German technicians, backed up by a \$13 million East German credit, are rebuilding a war-damaged sugar mill. Neither deal has proved very popular. Style-conscious Indonesians find the rough-finish GAZ jeeps unimpressive, and the sugar-mill project is already two years behind schedule. "What those so-called technicians are doing I don't know," complains one annoyed Indonesian official. But, angered by U.S. hesitation to meet its request for arms, the Indonesian government is threatening to buy arms from Soviet satellites, last week sent military missions off to both Eastern and Western Europe.

BURMA. A five-year agreement to barter rice for Soviet-bloc cement, signed in July 1955, has proved disillusioning. The cement, for which Burma had only limited use, arrived during the monsoon and hardened on the docks. The Soviets turned around and sold the rice for cash in other Asian countries, thereby depriving Burma of potential export markets. Under another 1955 agreement, Russia is to "give" Burma \$28 million worth of building materials and technical help toward construction of a hospital, a technological institute, a hotel, a sports arena and an exhibition hall. The agreement requires Burma, as a token of gratitude, to give Russia in return \$28 million worth of rice, and so far the only progress made has been leveling of some of the building sites. But, says a Burmese official: "The Russians have been quite amiable in their personal relationships. The British, who built our engineering college and polytechnic institute, were very exacting in matters of personal comfort. They demanded select housing for each family, complete with new furniture. With the Soviets we put 20-odd families into five houses, and give them secondhand furniture. There have been no complaints."

CAMBODIA. Apart from promising Prince Norodom Sihanouk's neutralist wonderland a 500-bed hospital, Russia has left aid to Cambodia largely in the hands of Communist China, which has adopted its own version of U.S. counterpart aid schemes. Periodically Peking sends Cambodia free shipments of cotton textiles, galvanized iron, raw silk, cement and other Chinese products. These goods—last August shipments were valued at \$5,000,000—are sold on the local market by the Cambodian government, and the proceeds are spent on dams, irrigation schemes and low-cost loans to farmers. The catch is that the caliber of the goods is so low—the cement takes twice as long as it should to harden—that even Cambodia's impoverished citizens shun them. Says one Cambodian government spokesman: "I have heard about gift horses, but this one is really an old nag." Last year's U.S. aid to Cambodia: \$35 million—part of it for a modern highway and

construction of a deep-water port on the Gulf of Thailand.

Despite its frequent blunders and bad faith, the Soviet bloc is undeniably getting more for its aid dollar than the U.S. The fact that the Soviets make loans rather than gifts is not resented as tight-fisted, instead flatters the touchy pride of newly independent nations as businesslike dealing between equals. When they insist that the factories they build must be state property, Russian negotiators are often more in tune with the vaguely socialist ideology of most Afro-Asians than are U.S. aid administrators in their attempts to promote free enterprise. Needing raw materials and food that the underdeveloped countries produce, the Russians can profitably make barter deals that the U.S. has no use for. Their apparent aim is to achieve a reputation for disinterestedness, their hope that eventually the underdeveloped countries will look to them for leadership and help. The economic bridgeheads, once established, can be expanded into an economic dependence that can eventually bind a country as firmly into the Communist orbit as any political pledge.

So far, the Russians' failures have been due partly to the innate reluctance of the more sophisticated leaders to entrust their nations' future to the Communists, partly to the inability of Soviet industry to deliver the quality and quantity of goods promised. But the Soviet industrial machine is expanding. It will take the West's best united efforts to match its challenge.

MALTA

Penny-Wise

In an age of never-ending colonial demands for independence, few things have so touched and intrigued Britons as the political yearning of Malta, the rocky little Mediterranean isle whose 320,000



MALTA'S MINTOFF
Too high a price.

inhabitants earned a collective George Cross for heroism under Axis air assault during World War II. Instead of independence, the Maltese under the leadership of fiery, 41-year-old Prime Minister Dom (for Dominic) Mintoff have asked for complete integration into the United Kingdom and the right to send three M.P.s to Britain's House of Commons in London.

But Mintoff and his compatriots are unpredictable folk. Just how unpredictable the British learned last week when Mintoff rose in the paneled chamber of Malta's Legislative Assembly and proposed a resolution that "representatives of the Maltese people in Parliament declare that they are no longer bound by agreements and obligations toward the British government . . ." The resolution, seemingly a declaration of intent to secede from the British Empire, was passed unanimously.

"He's Mad." Cause of Mintoff's wrath was an Admiralty decision to fire 40 workmen at the Royal Navy's dockyard, which, together with a NATO naval headquarters constitutes the chief source of employment in the island. Keenly aware of the declining utility of naval bases in a missile age, Mintoff had vastly complicated his integration negotiations with Britain by insisting that whatever becomes of the dockyard, the British must not only agree to maintain full employment in the island, but must also promise to raise Maltese economic standards within twelve years to the same levels enjoyed by the British Isles itself.

In Mintoff's eyes, the prospective firing of the naval dock workers was a "pregnant symbol" that Britain did not intend to meet his demands. He seemed cheerfully oblivious of the fact that his threatened break with Britain would mean that not just 40 but all 13,000 dockyard workers would be out of work. Mintoff shouted to cheering crowds: "If Britain comes against us with hydrogen or atom bombs . . . they will not be able to govern Malta against our people's will."

In London the first reaction was: "He's mad—stark, staring mad." Mintoff's next move was to fire off a cable to Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd proposing a "truce," and urging that British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan intervene with the Admiralty to get the dockyard firings canceled. A day later came news that the firings had been cut from 40 to 30, and that alternative jobs would be offered all 30 discharged workmen.

British Jib. Mintoff had won his point, but his tactics had aroused cold hostility in British officialdom. From the start, Britain had jibbed at Mintoff's costly economic conditions for integration. In a 1,000-word cable Lennox-Boyd bluntly warned the Maltese leader that he had "recklessly hazarded" the whole integration plan. Snapped the London *Economist*, hitherto a cautious partisan of integration: "Let Mr. Mintoff be left in no doubt that he is demanding from Britain too high a price for something that Britain does not much want."

CYPRUS

The Bridge Builder

In the month since he became governor of revolt-torn Cyprus, Britain's Sir Hugh Foot has worked unflaggingly to build what he calls "bridges of trust" between his administration and the Greek and Turkish inhabitants of the island. Five days before Christmas, he set off celebrations in Nicosia by releasing from detention camps 89 men and 11 women accused of supporting EOKA, the Greek-Cypriot rebel force. Where his predecessor, Field Marshal Sir John Harding, commonly moved about in a heavily escorted bullet-proof car, Sir Hugh toured the island's villages on horseback, stopping off in coffee houses for chats with amazed farmers.

Good Road. Last week, as he boarded a London-bound plane at Nicosia airport, Sir Hugh was cautious about the success of the bridge building. "On our journey to the Promised Land," said he, "we are not yet at the Jordan. We are just about at the Red Sea. Our task must be to find a good road toward an eventual settlement."

Back in London, Foot proceeded to map out for Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and the Colonial Office the road he favored. Best guess as to Sir Hugh's recommendations: immediate talks either in Cyprus or London with Archbishop Makarios, leader of the Greek Cypriot community whom the British still refused to allow to return to Cyprus. Object of the talks: to agree upon a set period of self-government for Cyprus, after which the Greek majority (80%) of the island's inhabitants could decide in favor of union (enosis) with Greece if they still wanted it.

Such a settlement would be fought bitterly by the Turks, who argue that Greek possession of Cyprus would be a strategic menace to Turkey, insist that if Britain gives up Cyprus, the island must be partitioned between Greece and Turkey. The obvious danger was that Foot's plan might end EOKA violence only to set off a new wave of disorder by *Volkun*, the Turkish Cypriot underground.

Traps and Deeds. At week's end Britain's Cabinet was still divided. Most of its members were inclined to feel that diplomatic talks with the Greek and Turkish governments should precede conversations with Makarios. Others were dubious about Foot's desire to relax the stringent British security measures now in force on Cyprus. In bureaucratic circles both in Cyprus and London, there was a feeling that the new governor was being "a little bright-eyed about it all." In a New Year's message delivered in the form of leaflets scattered through Nicosia's streets, EOKA Leader Colonel Grivas broke his month-long silence to warn that the "spectacular shows" of the new Foot regime did not impress him. "On the contrary, I consider them traps. I am awaiting deeds."

But no one could deny that Sir Hugh's bright-eyed approach has created new hope in Cyprus. "You never know," mused one British official last week. "Perhaps it's just exactly the kind of faith that is needed."



SIR HUGH FOOT & CYPRIOTS
Too bright-eyed for cynics.

Central Press

EGYPT

"O Leader of All Rebels!"

In Cairo last week, Indian M.P. Anup Singh took sharp exception to Western criticism of his supreme creation, the week-old Afro-Asian Peoples' Solidarity Conference (TIME, Jan. 6). "The conference," insisted Singh, "was neither inspired nor financed by the Communist Party, nor is it deliberately following the Communist line." Then he added brightly: "But you can say that the decisions of the conference are helping the Communists."

In the final days of the conference, a few attempts were made to moderate its hysterically anti-Western tone. Sudan's Foreign Minister Mohammed Mahgoub (one of the few officials to attend the "nonofficial" gathering) successfully opposed an anti-discrimination resolution bracketing the U.S. with South Africa, arguing that the U.S. has legislated against racial discrimination while South Africa officially enforces it. Egyptian and Indian delegates between them succeeded in killing a resolution condemning "the inhuman atrocities of the U.S. occupation forces in South Korea."

If Egypt's President Nasser had ever felt dismay at Communist manipulation of the conference (as his lieutenants had assiduously suggested), all trace of it had vanished by conference's end. Nasser held a reception for the 500 conference delegates at Cairo's Abdin Palace, granted long private interviews to the heads of Soviet and Red Chinese delegations. The single solid result of the conference—an agreement to establish a permanent "Afro-Asian Peoples' Solidarity Council"—clearly had Dictator Nasser's blessing. The new council will be headquartered in Cairo, will begin operations on \$29,000 contributed by Egypt. The council's ten-man permanent secretariat, which includes representatives of Russia and Red China, will

have an Egyptian secretary-general. When the last resolution had been passed, and delegates from 44 Afro-Asian nations stood, hand in hand, on the stage of Cairo University's Celebration Hall, the predominantly Egyptian audience of 4,000 set up a chant of "O Nasser! O giant! O leader of all rebels!"

In fact, Nasser had with his own hand struck a grievous blow at his prospects of achieving leadership of Afro-Asia's restive peoples. For by giving Egyptian backing to the permanent Afro-Asian Council, he had in effect gone into partnership with Russia in a campaign to undermine Western influence in Africa. And in a partnership between Egypt and Russia, even self-confident Gamal Abdel Nasser could scarcely doubt which partner would call the tune.

ITALY

From the Slums

To Italian government officials, Danilo Dolci's methods for helping the poor of Sicily have always been embarrassingly direct. Sicilians were hungry, so Social Worker Dolci became a hunger striker. When they were sick, he converted a three-room apartment into a clinic. To give jobs to jobless fishermen and farm hands, Dolci set them to work on one of the island's tattered roads in the hope that the government would pay them later; he was arrested and convicted of "invading government ground" (TIME, April 9, 1956). Most recently, in his crusade for decent housing, 33-year-old Danilo Dolci outraged official sensibilities with a book depicting the miseries of Palermo's slum dwellers.

Eight in a Bed. Dolci spared the reader no detail, however sordid, of life in Palermo's notorious Cascino Courtyard. There, 200 yards from the city's splendid cathedral, 260 families live in squalor in 210



Publifofo—Black Star

CRUSADER DOLCI
An inauspicious honor.

rooms. Only one family has a toilet, he reported; the rest run the risk of being fined \$4 for relieving themselves on nearby railroad tracks. To keep alive, boys resort to stealing, girls to prostitution. "We sleep four at the top of a bed and four at the bottom," said one inhabitant. "My uncle, my husband, my sister, myself and four children. We keep the door open to breathe better."

Before publication, a section of the book dealing with sexual depravity was printed by an obscure leftist monthly. Dolci was arrested, found guilty of publishing obscenities and sentenced to two months in jail. Leftists, intellectuals and even progressive businessmen such as Typewriter Tycoon Adriano Olivetti leaped to his defense; pro-Dolci committees were organized in ten major cities.

The book won the prestigious \$1,600 Viareggio literary award, and last month the Rome Court of Appeals reversed Dolci's conviction. In complete capitulation, Palermo authorities announced a program to tear down Cascino Courtyard and the neighboring slum called Hole of Death, relocate their 1,200 inhabitants in new low-rent public housing. It was, said Italians, a victory for the poor.

Reward from Moscow. Last week Dolci won another kind of victory. Praising the "incisive vigor" with which Dolci had depicted the "inhuman conditions" in Sicily, Radio Moscow gratuitously announced that "Peace Partisan" Dolci had won the Lenin (formerly Stalin) Peace Prize. Rome's *La Giustizia*, organ of the Social Democrats, promptly appealed to non-Communist Dolci to reject an award which "comes from the executioners of the workers in Hungary." Dolci did not even hesitate. "I shall always accept, from anywhere, gifts that help my mission of good works," he said. He announced that the \$25,000 prize money will be handed

over to a committee to establish what he called "a research institute for full employment."

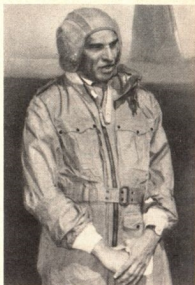
His decision left Italy as baffled as ever about "Italy's Gandhi." Many Christian Democrats flatly consider him a Communist or, at best, a "useful idiot" for Communist causes. Leftist (but non-Communist) Novelist Alberto Moravia insists: "Dolci protests, yes. But he is not a Communist." Dolci himself was more lofty. "Reality is very complex," he said. "To understand it, men have tried Christianity, liberalism, Gandhism, socialism. There is some truth in all solutions. We are all mendicants of truth."

INDIA

Folksy Diplomat

To delegates and newsmen at the United Nations and his fellow politicians at home, India's U.N. Delegation Chairman V. K. Krishna Menon is by turns aloof, argumentative, arrogant. They would scarcely have recognized the homespun, jovial Menon who last week talked and traveled more than 4,000 miles from Kashmir in the north to the Communist-run state of Kerala, deep in the south.

In Poona, Menon played his role as India's Defense Minister by enveloping his frail frame in a flying suit, strapping on a crash helmet and climbing aboard a Canberra jet bomber of the Indian air force. Streaking into Bombay in eleven minutes, Menon next appeared—natty in a white suit and swinging a cane—aboard the cruiser *Mysore*, the new flagship of the Indian navy. But it was as a politician of the folksy, Estes Kefauver model that Menon drew the largest crowds. At New Delhi and Madras he packed meeting halls to the rafters, and dhoti-clad crowds filled the streets outside waiting to hear him. To a youth rally of 25,000, Menon



DEFENSE MINISTER MENON
An unlikely role.

cried defiance of Pakistan over the invasion of Kashmir, and drew roars of approval for a slashing attack on Portuguese Dictator Antonio de Oliveira Salazar's determination to keep the colony of Goa. Cried Menon: "We may have to send a realistic map of the world to Salazar to prove to him that Goa is not near the Mediterranean."

Rival politicians were glum at this triumphal progress. Krishna Menon was problem enough when he had only the ear of Nehru; now that he has discovered the knack of getting India's ear as well, he may become a power threat in the Congress Party's annual convention next week in Assam.

In New Delhi, Prime Minister Nehru agreeably surprised a group of 36 world-touring newsmen by publicly criticizing Communism. Said Nehru: "I am unconcerned with Communist economics, but politically I dislike it for two reasons. Firstly, it tends too easily to violence and I am against violence. Secondly, Communism has not shown the regard for standards that I should like to see observed."

INDONESIA

Point of No Return

Indonesia's President Sukarno, packing up for a six-week tour of nations ranging from India to Egypt and Japan, seemed in a heady mood. "Last year," he told a Djakarta gathering, "was the year of decision. We have reached the point of no return."

Last week thousands of Dutchmen concluded there would be no return for them. For weeks many had clung to their homes and their businesses, hoping that the government would impose moderation on the rampaging nationalists. Instead, the government had only made the seizures orderly, making clear that there was no hope



European

DUTCH EVACUEES
An unhappy New Year.

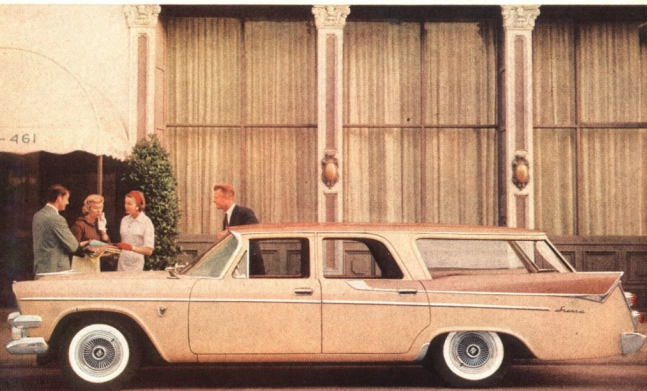


Clothes courtesy I. Maggini

Life is a picnic when you have a Swept-Wing Sierra in the stable

WHAT THE MILLIONAIRE SAID TO THE BYSTANDER

"How much does it cost to own a yacht like that?" a millionaire sportsman was asked about his 200-foot luxury vessel. His answer was simple: "If you have to think about costs, you shouldn't own one." Now, maybe you have that attitude about a Swept-Wing 58 4-door station wagon. Certainly this "land yacht" costs more than other body styles. And true, there are cheaper wagons on the market. (Also smaller, lighter, less luxurious.) But if you divide the cost *by the number of times* you'll use this wagon over a two-year period, it may prove to be the least expensive car you could buy. Because, you see, you'll use it for *everything*.



Station wagon owners of the world, arise! If you own a non-Chrysler Corporation wagon, you are suffering under the yoke of antiquated design. Do you have to battle an awkward, two-piece tailgate? (Our Swept-Wing 58 has a one-piece tailgate; window lowers into it.) Do passengers struggle to get in and out of third seat? (Our

wagons have rear-facing, rear-entry third seat in Observation Lounge.) Do you worry about exposing capitalist luxuries stored in rear? (We have secret storage compartment that locks.) So quit dreaming about what's going to happen to station wagons "come the revolution." Friend, this wagon *is* a revolution. See your Dodge dealer and get aboard.



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(Compare your answers with correct answers below.)



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2. Land of safaris and great cities, of jungles and modern progress. You can reach this fascinating nation on fast, convenient SAS flights.

3. Tomb of an ancient emperor—later a famous fortress—now a highlight of the Eternal City! SAS flies you there with speed and true comfort.

4. This modern building of a world organization is in a city renowned for high buildings! Two SAS routes link this land to all Europe.

5. This lovely temple symbolizes the life and landscape of an exotic country! You can fly there on SAS 'round the world service.

The proud pageantry of the world unfurls every step of your way on SAS. For SAS routes follow history, and *make* history—across the Atlantic from New York, across the SAS Polar Route from California—linking 42 countries on five continents. And your journey is a velvet road aboard the magnificent DC-7C Royal Viking de Luxe of SAS. Skies are smoothed by radar, miles shortened by Continental cuisine, an inviting lounge, spacious berths, full-length Dormette Seats. Service is regal. Next trip, ask your travel agent for SAS worldwide.

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UNIVERSAL GENEVE—World-famous watch timing every SAS flight.



THE GLOBAL AIRLINE
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of a reversal. On New Year's Day the new-standardized team of military men, civilian supervisors and union representatives took over the management of Bank Indonesia, and the bank's 24 senior Dutch officials were summarily dismissed. With that, many another Dutchman started packing.

At Djakarta's moldering port of Tandjong Priok, sweltering Dutch housewives and pathetic clusters of elderly women waited solemnly while customs and immigration officials examined their documents and belongings. The Indonesian officials, long famed as among the most uncooperative and most sullen in the world, were being scrupulously kind and considerate. Javanese maids in batik sarongs wept as they said goodbye to moppets they had reared from infancy. On the Dutch liner *Willem Ruys*, evacuees were berthed in the ship's lounge and laundry rooms.

In East Java nearly 4,000 Dutchmen and their dependents have given up hope, plan to leave as soon as possible. Last week there were reports that Dutch in North Sumatra, who had hitherto not been directly threatened with expulsion, were also about to depart on their own. Most tragic were Eurasians with Dutch citizenship. Most of them, born in Indonesia of Dutch fathers, had never seen the homeland to which they were being shipped. By week's end some 9,000 Dutch had left.

Only the Communist Party journal, *Harian Rakyat*, had no misgivings about the future, observing happily: "We've never celebrated a New Year in a situation quite so good as that which confronts us now."

THAILAND

Trusted Hands

Ever since last month's national elections, in which most of his own candidates won in a walkaway, Strongman Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat has been casting around for a suitable Premier. Last week, between bouts with a chronically bad liver, Marshal Sarit named his man: stocky, mild-mannered, 46-year-old Lieut. General Thanom Kittikachorn (whose polysyllabic last name means "widespread reputation").

General Thanom, a longtime crony of Sarit's and assistant commander in chief (under Sarit) of the army, was diffident about taking up his new post. Said the new Premier: "I'm unprepared to take up the premiership, but cannot refuse because it is a call to duty. Besides, this appointment demands someone well versed in foreign affairs, and I'm not, I cannot even speak English well enough to express myself. I'm afraid that my cherished reputation, which I built by long years of conscientious work in the army, may be ruined in politics." To foreordain such disaster, Premier Thanom shrewdly asked Thailand's wise and respected Prince Wan Waithayakon and two other distinguished Thai statesmen and scholars to serve as Vice Premiers.

With the country safely confided to hands he could trust, Strongman Sarit an-



Pan-Asia—Black Star

PREMIER THANOM

Unprepared, unversed—and trusted.

nounced that he will journey to the U.S. this month for 1) examination and treatment of his liver at Washington's Walter Reed Hospital, and 2) a call on President Eisenhower.

JAPAN

Death on the Mountain

*Men have died, and worms have eaten them,
But not for love.*

This cynical couplet from Shakespeare's *As You Like It* would shock the traditionalists of Japan, who cherish in song and story the tales of true lovers pledged in death. Last year 3,000 Japanese girls between the ages of 15 and 24 killed themselves, and 1,000 of these died in suicide pacts with their lovers. Last week Japan was sentimentally creating a new legend about a new pair of star-crossed lovers.

The girl was 19, and a princess—Aishinkakura Eisei, niece of Henry Pu Yi, the Japanese puppet "Emperor of Manchukuo [Manchuria]," who is now a prisoner of the Chinese Reds. The boy: spectacled Takemichi Okubo, 20, the son of a railroad executive. Both were students at Gakushuin University in Tokyo.

But the princess' mother disapproved of their getting married (she thought Okubo had "bad manners"). One day last month the young couple entrained for scenic Izu Peninsula, traveled by taxi halfway up storied Amagi Mountain. When Aishinkakura was missed, her mother sent police searching for the couple; later she took to the radio to broadcast her promise to permit the marriage. But there are no radios on Amagi Mountain. After wandering in the misty forest until dusk, the lovers took clippings from their hair and fingernails and wrapped them in white paper as mementos for their families. Okubo changed into a new pair of shoes he had bought for the occasion. Pillowing

Aishinkakura's head on his left arm, he shot her in the temple, then killed himself. When their bodies were found, rain had washed away the blood.

The Teichiku Record Co. planned to bring out a disk entitled *In the Rain at Amagi* ("In the drizzling darkness of Amagi/Seachers call for the vanished two"), with a companion tune on the other side called *Two Stars Over Amagi* ("O sad, the two lovers gone Before the spring came") but, disturbed by accusations of "bad taste," decided against releasing the record. The Shin-Toho film studio has announced it has started production of a movie, *Suicide on Mount Amagi*, the story of the two young college students, with the first screening scheduled for Jan. 29.

Other Japanese took the example more literally: by week's end, at least seven more young couples (including two classmates from Gakushuin) had already attempted or succeeded in suicide pacts.

The Pawns

Over a period of nearly five years, ever-increasing numbers (latest count: 952) of Japanese fishermen have languished in South Korean President Syngman Rhee's jails across the Tsushima Strait, pawns in a diplomatic stalemate created entirely by Rhee's longstanding hatred of Japan. "Korea has only three enemies," cried Rhee recently: "Japan, Russia and China."

Syngman Rhee has never made peace with Japan, has demanded, among other reparations, "40 years back pay" for Korean workers exploited by Japanese companies during Japan's long occupation. In 1952 Rhee arbitrarily set up the so-called "Rhee line" which extended Korean sovereignty a minimum 60 miles offshore, began arresting any Japanese fishermen caught violating it.

Japan retaliated by arresting some 1,720 Koreans, most of them illegal immigrants, others habitual criminals and long-time residents of Japan. In this atmosphere, talks between Japan and Korea have inevitably been difficult. Four years ago in Tokyo the Korean delegation walked out in a huff when a Japanese spokesman ventured that Japan's occupation of Korea was not entirely bad, that Korea had benefited to the extent of railroads, power systems and public buildings.

But last week the tortured road to a *détente* of some sort seemed finally open again. Japan had dropped its demands for compensation for properties Korea had seized after liberation. Rhee had apparently concluded that he had extracted all the concessions he was going to get. The U.S. had warned him that it could not support him in "unreasonable" claims against Japan. Furthermore, with U.S. aid to Korea scheduled for a cut this year, Rhee needs money, and Japan hinted that reparations might take the form of economic aid. As a starter, Japanese and Korean diplomats met in Tokyo to initial an agreement for the return of their respective prisoners. True to form, the Koreans deliberately kept the Japanese Foreign Minister waiting for nearly twelve hours before they showed up to sign.

THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Jets over Caracas

The best air force in South America, a 200-plane wing including Canberras, Sabre jets and Vampires, rose in revolt last week against its commanding officer, Venezuela's Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez, 43. Because the airmen quickly lost heart when other armed forces failed to join them, the revolution failed. But Major General Pérez Jiménez, far from relaxing over an easy win, was left nervous and nettled.

As though he had to read of his success to believe it, the strongman ordered every newspaper in Venezuela to print front-page editorials denouncing the uprising. Quick to refuse was the Rev. Jesús Hernández Chapellín, editor of the Roman Catholic daily *La Religión*. Pérez Jiménez jailed the priest, kept him jailed even after the government canceled its order to the press. At week's end, shorn of the belief that the armed forces were 100% behind him, and battling the Catholic Church, the pudgy dictator wore an unsettled look strangely reminiscent of Argentina's Juan Perón in 1955, when that strongman, to his later regret, angered airmen and churchmen simultaneously.

Grabbed Officers. The blowup was triggered on New Year's Eve in Caracas; Brigadier General Hugo Fuentes, the tall, gaunt commander of Venezuela's 20,000-man ground forces, was on his way to the President's reception when secret police arrested him. Grabbed at the same time was Colonel Jesús María Castro León, Air Force Vice Chief of Staff. An agent of the internal spy net, the Seguridad Nacional, posing as an air force officer, had tabbed Colonel Castro León as leader of the plotting airmen, and General Fuen-

tes head army plotter. The arrests did not unduly alarm President Pérez Jiménez. At the reception, strutting and cocky because he had efficiently re-elected himself in a one-candidate plebiscite a fortnight before (*TIME*, Dec. 30), he announced an amnesty for the 3,000 oppositionists jailed during what had passed for an election campaign. Already free—and given 17 days to get out of the country—was Christian Socialist Rafael Caldera, who would have been the Catholic Party's candidate for President had not the dictator jailed him four months ago. Jovially, the President went on to a midnight dinner.

At the two main air bases near Maracay, 50 miles west of the capital, news of the arrests electrified Major Luis Evencio Carrillo, paratroop battalion commander, and a dozen air force officers of equal or lesser rank. Mostly U.S.-trained and democratically minded, they had apparently planned to rebel much later. Instead, New Year's Eve turned into a night of feverish speedup. From their barracks the paratroopers and others smoothly took over the city of Maracay (pop. 80,000) and the air bases. Before 6:30 a.m., two Sabre jets whined off to Caracas. Over Radio Maracay, the rebels announced: "We have cornered the gangster who surrounded himself with thieves and murderers."

Crazy Cowboys. Over Caracas at sun-up the jets made lazy passes as a sign for disaffected army garrisons in the capital to rise up. Instead, tanks clanked up Urdaneta Avenue to ring presidential Miraflores Palace; 40-mm. antiaircraft guns sprouted from the roofs of the palace and the Defense Ministry across the street. At 11 a.m. four Sabre jets, three Vampires and three elderly light bombers began to cut through holes in the clouds and buzz the city low across rooftops. "Those

crazy cowboys!" remarked a watching Pan American pilot from his poolside deck chair at the Hotel Tamanaco, a mile or two away. In the afternoon, as a more urgently signaled plea for army help, the airmen strafed the palace and Seguridad headquarters, dropped four bombs (only one burst, killing no one). A Vampire, hit, trailed black smoke, landed at a nearby commercial airport.

That night the government sent two motorized battalions rolling down the superhighway to Maracay, warned rebels to surrender by 1:30 a.m. At the air bases, hopes flagged fast. At 1 o'clock Major Carrillo and 16 other young officers took off for refuge in Barranquilla, Colombia, 475 miles westward; as a defiant—and unnerving—last gesture, they used Pérez Jiménez' plush-job DC-4, with trusted Personal Pilot Martin Parade flying. Ironically, the attacking battalions paused part way at Los Teques and began going over to the uprising just as the airmen fled; when the army units were talked into surrender the next morning, the revolt was over.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of "enemies of the peace" were jailed. Tanks kept cars and pedestrians two blocks away from Miraflores Palace. All was quiet, but the talk in Caracas was of "the next try," under better organized military men, perhaps aided by the civilians, who kept their arms folded this time.

CUBA

A Break for the Boss

Fidel Castro, 31, the bearded leader of Cuba's 13-month guerrilla rebellion against Dictator Fulgencio Batista, served sharp notice last week that he, and no one else, will be running Cuba when Batista falls. In an angry letter from his mountain hideout in Oriente province, he cut connections between his 26th of July Movement and six other organizations that got together in Miami last October to set up an anti-Batista joint council and draw up a pact. "While the leaders of the organizations that subscribe to this pact are abroad fighting an imaginary revolution," Castro charged, "the leaders of the 26th of July Movement are in Cuba fighting a real revolution."

Castro heaped special scorn on the council's plan to set up a post-Batista military junta. "The 26th of July Movement," he announced, "claims for itself the function of maintaining public order and reorganizing the armed forces of the republic." For Miami's No. 1 candidate for post-revolution Provisional President, Economist Felipe Pazos, Castro had a one-two punch. He denied ever authorizing Pazos or anyone else to represent him on the joint council, then nominated his own candidate, longtime (31 years) Oriente province Judge Manuel Urrutia Lleo, 56, now in exile in the U.S.

As Batista's Miami foes scurried about



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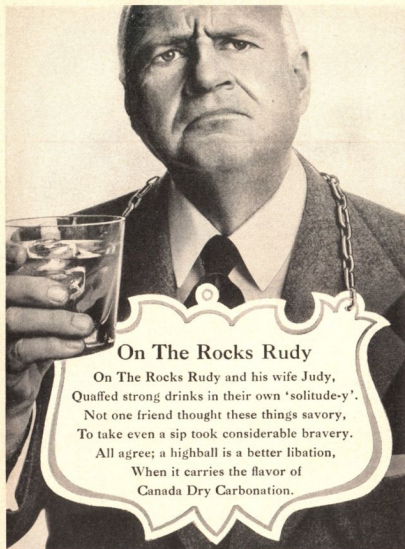


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On The Rocks Rudy

On The Rocks Rudy and his wife Judy,
Quaffed strong drinks in their own 'solitude-y'.
Not one friend thought these things savory,
To take even a sip took considerable bravery.

All agree; a highball is a better libation,
When it carries the flavor of
Canada Dry Carbonation.

You'll feel good in the morning if tonight's drinks are made with Canada Dry Ginger Ale or Club Soda

The sparkling bubbles: 1) curb hangovers because they speed the liquid through your system 80% faster . . . 2) aid digestion . . . 3) make highballs better for you . . . These are facts proven at a leading university.

You will taste the difference in a Canada Dry highball! Canada Dry Mixers have exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation." It makes tall drinks sparkle longer, taste delicious. It brings out the flavor of any liquor.



GINGER ALE



CLUB SODA



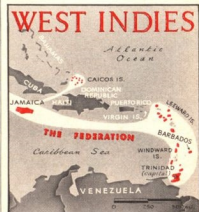
You feel great
when you "carbonate"

trying to find some means of closing the breach, the dictator could relax a bit for the first time in recent months. Bombs were still exploding in Havana and Pinar del Rio; tobacco sheds went up in flames. Even the fact that the pro-Batista vice president of the important maritime union was assassinated in Santiago faded in importance alongside the rebel split. With more assurance than ever, Batista could cut ground from beneath the feet of his divided foes by repeating his promise to hold free elections June 1, step down from the presidency in February 1959.

THE WEST INDIES

Queen's Representative

The British islands in the Lesser and Greater Antilles, now nearing the end of an evolution into a federation that will make them the hemisphere's 23rd nation, last week got a Governor General—the first symbol of their unity. In the rambling Legislative Council Chamber in Trinidad, the federation's capital, Brit-



Time Map by J. Donovan

ain's Lord Hailes, 56, took his oath of office before Trinidad's Chief Justice.

In the five years before the islands get dominion status (to be followed by independence), the Governor General, a figurehead in many Commonwealth nations, will have real power in the West Indies. A 45-member House of Representatives will be chosen in elections, the first next March 25, and the members will select a Prime Minister. But the 19-member Senate will be appointed by Lord Hailes, and it can hold up the House's legislation. As Queen's representative, the Governor General will have the veto over finance bills.

Although the job thus demands high qualifications, Lord Hailes was apparently chosen mostly for political reasons; as Patrick ("Paddy") Buchan-Hepburn he served 25 years as a Conservative Member of Parliament, seven years as Tory Whip. When Harold Macmillan appointed him last May, the London Times took the unusual step of scolding the Prime Minister in its lead editorial. But this week the new Governor General will start his tenure energetically by beginning a five-week tour of the infant nation's islands.



*It's fun
to phone!*

Fun bubbles both ways in a friendly "telephone break." You're glad you called, and it's so appreciated. Routine gets a poke in the ribs, the day gets an unexpected sparkle. So dust off your morning, pick up the phone, and just for fun—call someone.

Bell Telephone System
Working together to bring people together





**More Railroad Progress like this
depends on adequate earnings**



Isn't this common sense?

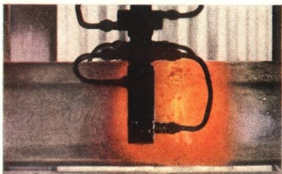
Welded rail is just one example of the many ways railroads are constantly increasing their efficiency.

The railroads will continue to make such improvements — as rapidly as they are able to earn the money to pay for them. For the railroads must pay for improvements out of their own earnings. But the earning power of railroads today is restricted by outdated public policies that favor competing forms of transportation.

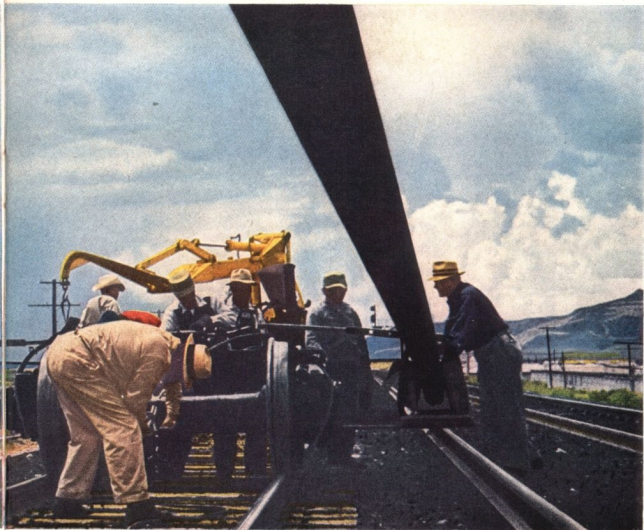
This unequal treatment causes the public to lose some of the benefits of railroad progress — progress as important to the nation as it is to the railroads.

In the interests of all of us, the railroads should be permitted equal opportunity to earn an adequate return on the money invested in them. Then everyone would benefit — including you.

Isn't this common sense?



By welding sections of rail together in continuous lengths of steel, railroads often reduce track maintenance costs and give their customers a smoother ride. Above—the welding process. Below—workers lay the welded rail on ties.



AMERICA MOVES AHEAD WITH THE RAILROADS

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



**YOUR
BASIC
TRANSPORTATION**



Chevrolet Nomad—4-door 6-passenger

NEW WAGONS WITH WONDERFUL WAYS—THESE NEW '58 CHEVROLETS! *There's new lilt in the way they look. New verve in their way with roads and loads. And you have five to choose from. Pick a two-door model or four, six-passenger or nine, you can be sure of this: You'll move in the smartest station wagon set there is!*

You never had handsomer reasons to move into a new wagon. These 1958 Chevrolets are dramatically lower and wider—nine crisp inches longer.

Note that the larger liftgate curves clear around at the corners. It's hinged into the roof and raises completely out of the way for easier loading.

Chevrolet's new standard Full Coil suspension puts an extra-soft cushioning of deep coil springs at every

wheel. Or, as optional choice at extra cost, you can have the ultimate of a real air ride—Level Air suspension. Bumps get swallowed up in cushions of air. And your wagon automatically keeps its normal level, regardless of how heavy the load.

There's still more to like. More steam in Chevy's budget-minded Blue-Flame 6. More really potent performance with the new 250-i.p.

Turbo-Thrust V8,* an ideal running mate for honey-smooth Turboglide* drive. Better see your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost.*



Chevrolet Brookwood—4-door 6-passenger

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Day after the U.S.S.R. hiked the state-pegged price of vodka, paunchy Soviet Premier **Nikolai Bulganin** hoisted a glass at a Moscow embassy reception, quipped to reporters: "We raised the price so you could reduce! People should drink wine more. It's much better for you."

Since she first launched *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain* as her beam song in 1931, TV-Radiorole **Kate Smith** has turned the lunar trick some 10,000 times. This week Kate will at last put her *Moon* in limbo. On her new MBS radio show she will open by warbling "Wonderful, fade away with *By Myself*," said she of *Moon*: "I've simply grown tired of hearing the song."

Turning 80 this week on his North Carolina goat farm, Poet-Biographer **Carl Sandburg** anticipated living to be 88, maybe even 99. Cried he: "It's inevitable, it's inexorable, it's written in the Book of Fate!" Reason: two of his great-grandfathers and one of his grandfathers expired at ages divisible by eleven.

Cornered in Hollywood by a persevering newsman, Cinemale **Marlon (Sayonara) Brando** chose to speak on an actor's right to privacy: "It's not a matter of being entitled to privacy—it's an absolute requisite. The trouble is, everyone's life in this country is public property. Anyone who objects to the intrusion of his private life is considered to be idiosyncratic, bizarre, uncooperative and dishonest." Uncooperatively, Brando would mumble not

a word about his marriage or his pregnant wife, Variable Starlet Johanna ("Anna Kashfi") O'Callaghan Brando, who keeps uncooperatively insisting that she is a Bengalee Indian from Darjeeling (where nobody ever heard the name Kashfi).

Results were in on the annual couture sweepstakes of the New York Dress Institute, and, though the twelve-place list repeated some regulars among the world's most chic, it also cited several newcomers to the derby. Luxuriating in her No. 1 spot for the fifth year in a row was **Mrs. William S. Paley**, wife of CBS's board chairman, closely trailed by two other perennials, the **Duchess of Windsor** and



Associated Press
CINEMITE HEPBURN
For dresses.

supersocial **Mrs. Winston Guest**. Soon after them came the year's big surprise: Britain's **Queen Elizabeth II**, making her first appearance in the best-dressed list and more than outdistancing her unmentioned sister, **Princess Margaret** (tied for No. 9 last year). Among other women saluted for their "distinguished taste in dress without ostentation or extravagance": wispy Cinemite **Audrey (Love in the Afternoon) Hepburn**, **Mrs. Henry Ford II**, Cinemactress **Claudette Colbert**, **Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr.**

For her New Year honors list, Britain's **Queen Elizabeth II** tapped some 2,000 subjects of the British Commonwealth for tribute. Elevated to the baronage, Field Marshal **Sir John Harding**, former governor of strife-torn Cyprus. As Commander of the British Empire, London-



Associated Press
BALLERINA MARKOVA
For dances.

born (as Alice Marks) Prima Ballerina **Alicia Markova**, 47, long renowned for her *Giselle*; to the knighthood, Author-Biologist **Julian Huxley**, onetime director-general of UNESCO. The world feather-weight boxing champion, Nigeria's **Hogan ("Kid") Bassey**, 25, learned that he had flailed his way to another laurel—Member of the Order of the British Empire.

Jottings From a Writer's Notebook (Dutton: \$3) by sententious Author **Van Wyck Brooks**, 71, nearing his first half-century as an ever-flowering sage, essayist and literary historian, treated readers to some lively odds and ends of fact and philosophy. Nugget: "How many books can any man read? A supposedly well-informed journalist has written that **Hitler** undoubtedly read most of the 7,000 military books in his library. So **Lawrence of Arabia** was said to have read at Oxford most of the 40,000 books in the library of his college. So **Thomas Wolfe** allegedly devoured 20,000 books or so . . . How tiresome, all this, and how untrue . . . For the last 20 years I have been obliged to read on an average six or seven hours a day. I have certainly read far more than these others have had time for, in the short periods referred to, and how many books have I read in these 20 years? Something less than 6,000, I think, less than a book a day."

In Hollywood, during a brief slip into the meandering footprints of his late convivial father, Actor **John Barrymore Jr.**, 25, was nabbed for being drunk and disturbing the peace at 1 a.m. while lifting with wife **Cara** in his parked car. He drew a \$100 fine and a 90-day jail stretch that was suspended provided he spends his next three weekends in jail. Said Junior later: "I tried some rum confections and they tasted like punch. They didn't act that way. I'm through with liquor!"



Hepburn—Black Star
STARLET BRANDO
For privacy.



WHAT MAKES CHESSIE'S



RAILROAD GROW?

One of a series telling what Chesapeake and Ohio is doing to make this a bigger, better railroad.

Things move fast on the C&O

On January 2, 1958—first business day of the New Year—Chesapeake and Ohio published for its 90,000 shareowners a flash annual report of its 1957 operations. According to financial editors and security analysts, such fast reporting for a billion dollar corporation “makes corporate history”.

This up-to-the-minute reporting is just one part of a continuing forward looking program to give Chesapeake and Ohio shippers consistently superior transportation service. In addition to the modern coal classification facilities at Russell, Ky., a new fully automatic yard for merchandise freight goes into operation there this month. This \$5 million facility electronically classifies an endless stream of merchandise freight cars with push-button speed and measured control.

Thanks to the new Car Location Information Center—CLIC for short—shippers know that C&O traffic offices can tell them the location of their shipment almost instantly.

The capacity of C&O's coal handling facilities at Toledo, which last year established an all-time record of 18.7 million tons, will be sub-

stantially increased by the addition of a \$7 million pier now under construction. And at C&O's Port of Newport News, Va., export coal dumping was up one-sixth over the year-before record. Also, at this port a just-completed bulk cargo pier, most modern on the Atlantic coast, unloads ships faster than a ton a second.

All these things mean that shipments move faster, more dependably, when you route them over the modern, efficient Chesapeake and Ohio. Chessie's railroad keeps growing and going!

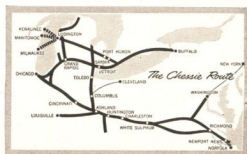
ANOTHER GOOD YEAR FOR CHESSIE'S RAILROAD

Operating Revenues (millions)	1957	1956
Coal and coke	\$233	\$219
Merchandise	168	170
Other	31	30
Total operating revenues	\$432	\$419
Expenses, taxes, etc.—net. . . .	\$364	\$352
Net income	\$ 68	\$ 67
Earned per common share . . .	\$8.36	\$8.28
Dividend paid per common share .	\$4.00	\$3.625

Would you like a copy of C&O's "Flash Report" for 1957? Just write.

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

3801 TERMINAL TOWER, CLEVELAND 1, OHIO



MEDICINE

The Role of the Turtle

When she was eleven, Margaret Bilotti, stage-struck elder daughter of a Manhattan construction worker, collaborated with another East Side youngster in writing a play, the proceeds to buy Christmas toys for underprivileged children (gross take from ticket sale: "over \$2"). Soon afterward an uncle noticed that as Margie sat on a hassock she looked crooked, and her right shoulder blade protruded. The family doctor prescribed a corset, which soon broke and was discarded. Eventually a neighborhood hospital referred the Bilottis to one of the few places in Manhattan

bottom vertebrae of the curve on the X ray, they measure the total deviation from a straight line. Up to 30° is rated mild, rarely needing operation; 30° to 60° is moderate, and beyond that, severe. Margie's had reached 97° by the time she was admitted last fall.

Having decided that operation was unavoidable, the surgeons prepared for a long, complicated siege. Off came Margie's long, glistening black hair. Her entire torso and part of one thigh, her shaved head and her neck were encased in a monstrous plaster cast known among doctors and nurses as a "turtle." The cast was hinged in the middle. Joining the halves

the orthopedists operated. They inserted wedges of bone (from a deep-frozen bone bank) between seven vertebrae, fixing this part of the spine so that it could not bend again. To allow time for the grafts to fuse solidly, Margie must spend at least six months in the rigid cast, though she can now enjoy the luxury of having her head free. Then there will be a "holding jacket," reaching only to the hips, for four months; most of that time Margie, though at home, will still be lying in bed. After that, two more weeks in the hospital should see her up and about, walking straight in special shoes, with no more restraint than a snug jacket. Total treatment time: about 18 months.

Scolio Club. Each year the Hospital for Special Surgery handles 30 to 40 scoliosis cases—about half of them of unknown cause, most of the others resulting from paralytic polio. The polio cases tend to be more severe because other parts of the body are also weakened; usually a greater part of the spine has to be fused, often in a series of operations. But post-polio cases are already becoming markedly less common, thanks largely to the success of the Salk vaccine.

Comparable operations are performed at other U.S. orthopedic centers. Los Angeles' Dr. Joseph C. Risser, though he pioneered the turnbuckle cast, has abandoned it in favor of a smaller, lighter cast, through which he operates after only one week. Patients, home after two weeks, can run and play while wearing the cast for only six months. Dr. Risser also favors operating in some cases that other orthopedists would leave alone. For Margie Bilotti, now 13½ and intent on an acting career, there was never any doubt about the operation's necessity. Like most of the "scolio club," she has played the part of a turtle smilingly and without complaint.



Elizabeth Wilcox

SCOLIOSIS PATIENT MARGIE BILOTTI
Surgeons fished through the ice.

that specialize in treating conditions like Margie's, the Hospital for Special Surgery.

The trouble with Margie was scoliosis, a sidewise curvature of the spine. As in 80% to 90% of cases, no cause for her condition could be found, and nobody knew when the trouble began. Neither Margie nor her mother had noticed it, and, like most victims, she had begun to compensate for it by shifting her body to achieve a comfortable balance.

Reverse Curves. At the Hospital for Special Surgery, doctors took X rays. The curvature, when looked at from behind, appeared like a reversed letter C; for no known reason most such curves are in this direction. Because it was a single curve it was certain to be deforming—many scoliosis cases have two curves, one right and one left like a letter S, which cancel each other out and leave a good balance, with no worse effect than a shortening of the trunk. And Margie's case was severe. Special Surgery doctors grade cases by a technique developed by one of their leading scoliosis specialists, Dr. John R. Cobb; with a protractor, applied to the top and

on the left, and spanning the spinal curvature, was a turnbuckle. Every day or two the doctors extended the turnbuckle by a couple of turns. As it was lengthened, it flattened and almost erased the curve. But unaided, the spine would not be able to maintain its restored straightness.

Fused Vertebrae. The surgeons cemented the two parts of the cast together and removed the turnbuckle. To make doubly sure of holding the shape, they affixed a curved iron bar to serve as a flying buttress on the right side. By this time they were about ready for a tricky piece of surgery they call "fishing through the ice." Last week they interrupted Margie's eighth-grade studies (a New York City schoolteacher keeps children in the hospital plugging at their work), used an instrument like poultry shears to cut a rectangular hole in the back of the cast, over the spot where the curve had been sharpest. More X rays showed the new position of the vertebrae, indicated how many would have to be fused.

This week, working with no room to spare through their "hole in the ice,"

Sweet Tooth, Sour Facts

In the basement of Harvard's School of Dental Medicine, Biochemist James H. Shaw and his assistants worked for more than ten years with cages full of white rats and cotton rats, with sugar-rich and sugar-free chow, with test tubes and dissecting boards. The twofold aim: to find out how certain sugars promote tooth decay, then to find a way to forestall it. The Sugar Research Foundation, Inc., set up by the sugar industry, bankrolled the project for a total of \$57,000. Now, in the *Journal of the American Dental Association*, Dr. Shaw reports his findings:

☛ Tooth decay is caused only by food remaining in the mouth—proved by feeding rats through stomach tubes. Even sugar, fed this way, causes no decay.

☛ Sugar, in solution, causes little decay; granulated sugar (as sprinkled on fruits and cereals) causes much more.

☛ Of the various kinds of sugar, fructose (from most fruit), glucose (from grapes and starch foods), sucrose (table sugar from cane or beets), lactose (from milk) and maltose (from beer) are all precipitators of decay. So is a high-starch diet, even when relatively low in sugar. It does no good to substitute raw for refined

ENJAY BUTYL fabulous new rubber

Irrigation "Pipe" that unrolls like a carpet



~ New way to irrigate crops: unroll portable lengths of flexible "pipe" made of Enjay Butyl rubber. They're light enough to carry from field to field, strong enough to take hard use for years. Weather won't rot them, soil bacteria and acids won't attack them. All because they're made of fabulous Enjay Butyl—the rubber that out-performs natural and other types of rubber in so many ways.



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1958

Make this your LUCKY year!

1958

JANUARY



Happy New Year!

FEBRUARY



A perfect year...

MARCH



to have Luckies along!

APRIL



Man, what a cigarette!

MAY



Day in...

JUNE



day out...

JULY



wherever you are...

AUGUST



whatever you're doing...

SEPTEMBER



take time out...

OCTOBER



to light up a Lucky.

NOVEMBER

It's the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

DECEMBER



LIGHT UP A *light* SMOKE
-LIGHT UP A LUCKY



sugar; but blackstrap molasses causes a marked reduction in cavities.

¶ Saliva is a good tooth protector. Removal of successive salivary glands gave a progressive increase in decay.

¶ Penicillin and chlortetracycline (Aureomycin) are effective anti-decay agents, as are urea and dibasic ammonium carbonate; other antibiotics and chemicals tested (among them, many of those now commonly blended into toothpastes) do little or no good.

Dr. Shaw's conclusion: "We should cut down on our sugar consumption, particularly candy. We should be careful about sugar in forms that remain in the mouth because of their physical properties." Along with his findings, Dr. Shaw also reported that his work has stopped. Reason: the Sugar Research Foundation withdrew its support.

The Heart That Stopped

From the start it was a race against time, and for a while it seemed that death had won. David Fleming Jr., 6, of New York City's Queens Village, had a coarctation (narrowing) of the aorta at the point where it descends through the chest to carry blood to the abdomen and legs. Doctors in Queens found by X rays that the swelling had ballooned out into a thin-walled aneurysm the size of an orange, transferred the blond youngster to St. Francis Hospital in Roslyn, N.Y. (TIME, Jan. 4, 1954), which specializes in heart conditions.

There, doctors wanted to operate, but they had on hand only six pints of David's uncommon Type O, Rh-negative blood, and expected to need twice as much. As they watched David's condition closely, more X rays early last week showed that the aneurysm was already leaking blood into the chest cavity. In a matter of hours it would burst. Then, unless they could intervene, David would bleed to death within a few minutes. Somehow they had to cut out the diseased seven-inch length of aorta, replace it with a graft. Over TV and radio went appeals for O-negative donors.

Chilled to the Marrow. David was wheeled into surgery. Around him were five surgeons, two cardiologists, an anesthesia team of three, and five nurses. After the first anesthetic he was wrapped in blankets laced with tubes through which chilled antifreeze circulated. His body temperature dropped to 88°, which would give the surgeons extra time if the blood supply to any part of the body was interrupted (the tissues need less blood at low temperatures). Surgeon Edward Braunstein drew a long, red line with his scalpel, beginning in front and curving around the back, then opened the chest.

What he saw was worse than expected. The leaked blood had formed a big clot, which was resting against the aneurysm. Dislodging it might make the aneurysm burst. After almost two hours of surgery this is just what happened. It was 6:10 p.m. As blood gushed into David's chest cavity, his heart stopped. Instantly Dr. Raj Mahajan reached across the table,

and with both hands began massaging David's heart to keep blood flowing through the nearest (ascending) part of the aorta and its first arterial branches, which supply the oxygen-demanding brain. Simultaneously other surgeons worked fast to put clamps on each side of the ruptured section. (The lower part of the body would have to get along with little or no blood, but its organs and limbs could stand this deprivation better than the brain.) Blood transfusion through David's arm and leg was speeded up.

Enough Blood? At 6:20 there was another setback. The heart's lower chambers began to fibrillate (quiver ineffectually). Once, this would have been a sure prelude to death, but an electric defibrillator, now standard in operating rooms



Sy Friedman
DRS. BRAUNSTEIN & MAHAJAN
From a dead man, life for a boy.

during heart surgery, halted the flutter. Still the heart had no beat. Two surgeons took turns at massage to ease their cramped hands. At 6:50 p.m. the six pints of blood were gone. A surgeon asked: "Is there more blood?" A nurse answered: "In a minute." Donors from miles around had rushed to meet the emergency, and their blood was being tested. The first pints arrived just in time.

At 8 p.m., with David's pupils dilated and fixed—usually a sign of death—the diseased section of aorta was cut out. In its place, Surgeon Braunstein and assistants began stitching in a graft, donated by a man who had died two months earlier, which was then freeze-dried. At 8:55 the stitching was finished. Fourteen pints of blood had been used. There was still no sign of a heartbeat or of life in David's eyes. The clamps were removed. Then the seemingly unbelievable happened. Says Dr. Mahajan, who was still massaging David's heart at the time: "One moment it was a flabby, lifeless organ. Suddenly it swelled alive—strong, firm, and pumping steadily."

It took another hour to close the surgical wound. Within that hour David moved his arms, opened his eyes. This week the boy whose heart stopped for 2½ hours was making a good recovery.

Who Gets Drunk & Why

Drunkometers and other gizmos favored by highway police say that a man is drunk if his breath or blood shows a certain concentration of alcohol. But some men and women get reeling drunk on a couple of drinks while others can swig a fifth and not show it. Also, a man who has been putting away half a dozen highballs every evening for years without batting an eyelash may suddenly find himself getting the staggers after one cocktail. Why?

Some of the reasons, writes Dutch-born Psychiatrist Joost A. M. Meerloo in *Postgraduate Medicine*, are physical and general. In a crowded, unventilated room there is less oxygen to burn the alcohol in the blood, so the effects of two or three drinks pile up and may make even a seasoned drinker drunk. There is also lower oxygen tension at high altitudes, so drinking is risky in the mountains or in unpurified airplanes (Dr. Meerloo is not sure about pressurized cabins). In the humid tropics the easy burning of alcohol may cause "an uneasy feeling of congestion" and give the drinker a lower tolerance.

Dr. Meerloo accepts the popular view that drinking on an empty stomach is risky; food slows the absorption of alcohol into the blood (but fruit, which produces alcohol during digestion, aggravates the problem). He also gives some support to the gasters who insist that it isn't the whisky in a highball that does the damage but the soda—carbonation, he says, speeds the passage of alcohol through the stomach and into the blood.

Then there are individual and highly variable reactions. A man who has had brain concussion cannot tolerate alcohol for a long time afterward. Others cannot tolerate it if they have taken antihistamine or ataractic drugs. It is not that the drugs themselves are dangerous, but that individuals with abnormal sensitivity react dangerously. Steady use of barbiturates is a more predictable peril, says Dr. Meerloo: it makes the midbrain more sensitive to the intoxication of chronic alcoholism, and many alcoholics, far from being put to sleep by barbiturates, become wildly excited after taking them.

Inconsistent sensitivity to alcohol in a supposedly normal individual may be an aftereffect of infectious disease. Dr. Meerloo notes. Or it may follow exhaustion or starvation. A probable precipitant is the combination of a potent cocktail with some protein (just what, no one knows) in the canapés. Battle fatigue and anxiety neurosis have been shown to make victims react violently to a soothing drink or drugs. In several cases that Dr. Meerloo has seen, he suspects that intense fear altered the subjects' metabolism completely. It may be, he suggests, that any kind of stress, including the fear of getting drunk and looking ridiculous, increases the danger that it will happen.

TELEVISION & RADIO

Neat Beat

To thousands of viewers in the Los Angeles area, station KTTV's impromptu 90-minute crime show last week was better than the big networks' *M Squad*, *Dragnet* or *Highway Patrol* had ever been. Instead of Lee Marvin, Jack Webb or Broderick Crawford, they saw two real hooch-soaked hoods with six hostages as they held out in a tense siege by 150 real cops and FBI agents in an Inglewood dive just outside Los Angeles.

A friend of police, KTTV Special Events Director Bill Welsh, 46, was tipped off on the story only 15 minutes after it broke. He alerted a mobile unit that fortunately was operating near the scene on another story, scurried into action himself with a second stand-by crew. Well behind came a crew from KTLA, rival of the Los Angeles Times-controlled KTTV, but it never got on the air.

Near the Beacon Bar, Welsh carried a mike and "plenty of cable," barricaded himself behind a pickup truck just 20 ft. from the Beacon's back door. Said he: "Inside I could see one of the bandits with a woman hostage. A cameraman came up the same alley with me and peeked at the action from behind a fender, giving us a dual advantage." Camera and mike captured some exciting scenes: a cop firing a tear-gas gun at a revolver-armed bandit; globs of gas routing the drunk desperadoes; a bandit's meek surrender; the collapse of the woman hostage; the recovery of the stolen cash; and interviews with the café owner, a police official and one of the hostages. KTTViewers, who Welsh claims "automatically tuned us

in because we're known as specialists in special events," were even treated to a brief interview with the hoods. As he came out of the café, a shoddy silk stocking wrapped around his face, disarmed Navyman Howard Scott, 19, glared at Welsh's microphone and snarled: "Get that thing out of there!"

Review

Bride and Groom: The invitation was marked FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE and read: "One of the biggest show-business weddings of this era will take place when Shirl Conway, the musical comedy and TV star, and Composer Bernie [Vanessa] Wayne, will be married over the NBC network from 2:30 to 3 p.m., in the Studio Chapel. Guest list: Lena Horne, Faye Emerson, Julie Wilson . . . many other celebrities." On the afternoon of New Year's Eve, as announced, Shirl and Bernie were married—under a sky of klieg lights in Manhattan's RCA building, before a TV audience of about 3,000,000. "We have so many friends through the country," Shirl explained, "this way they can all be here." The best man called dapper, cutawayed Bernie "a worn-out wolf"; and Shirl, swathed to the neck in a white jersey Murray Hamburger original (retail price: about \$275), giggled nervously. "I feel like the most rank amateur that ever got before a camera," she said. A veteran of the Sid Caesar shows, Shirl performed in fact like an old pro, even shed a tear for the close-up lens. Viewers met Shirl's niece, who had come via "Northwest Orient Airlines, famous for imperial service," and the announcer just had time to remind the



GROOM WAYNE & BRIDE CONWAY
With this Alka-Seltzer, I thee wed.

best man about the "Keepsake rings" before a bonging of bells led into a plug for Jan Murray's *Treasure Hunt*. After a cantor's blessing and wish for "health, happiness and togetherness," the bride and groom moved out of the canvas-and-wood chapel set, and a little cartoon man popped on-screen and chanted: "Alka-Seltzer, speedy Alka-Seltzer, bound to please you, take it for relief." In the "reception room" the announcer intoned: "Let me show you some of your wedding gifts: I'm sure you'll find nothing cooks like a Tappan range. This portable sewing machine features an automatic lubricator; for entertaining in the home you'll love using this Gallo rollcart. This Samsonite luggage is the finest luggage made of magnesium." There was the "Underwood portable with the golden touch," HIS and HERS golf bags (Shirl: "I promise to lose"), "famous carpets from the looms of Mohawk," a poodle from a "famed" Peekskill kennel, then Keenan Wynn in a scene from *Wagon Train*, "Do I turn my back on the camera?" asked Actress Shirl incredulously as she mounted the "staircase" to toss her bouquet. It was caught by a boy. *Bride and Groom* is going off the air this week.

Person to Person: Professionally mute Harpo Marx talked so freely before air time that Host Ed Murrow playfully opened the show with: "I hope it's not your intention to monopolize the conversation this evening." It was not. On the air, Harpo ogled the camera with idiot grins and adroit grimaces, whistled replies between his fingers, blew smoke bubbles at Murrow and sadly plucked at his harp. But, in the lifelong tradition of "involuntary mutism," he was noisily silent. Tumbling over the furniture in his Palm Springs home, fright-wigged Harpo was as much a problem to chatty Mrs. Marx (ex-Actress Susan Fleming) as he was to



COP RESCUING HOSTAGE ON KTTV
Without a rehearsal, they outdid "Dragnet."

Los Angeles Times

Murrow. Trying to give viewers an insight into Harpo's more serious side, she explained: "Actually he is a very quiet man, philosophical. He uses his head." Behind her back, the camera caught 64-year-old Harpo standing on his head in the middle of the room.

Kraft TV Theater: After more than ten years of fighting the ratings battle for Wednesday night, TV's oldest drama series finally got around to dramatizing it. Kraft called the play *The Battle for Wednesday Night*. But Scriptwriter Robert Van Scoyk, who used to write for Jackie Gleason, clearly fixed his view on Sunday night and its two warring clans, the Sullivans and the Allens. On either channel the image was poor. Jack Oakie's ogling, leering Bill ("Hello, you beautiful people") Brogan was a gusty old buffoon eating high off the ratings when the opposing network decided to fight him with a popular young singer (Earl Holliman). The singer had to survive Madison Avenue metaphors ("Throw Wednesday night in his lap and let him kick it around") and a scourge of publicity beaters who manufactured a cheap exchange of insults ("This feud is all that's keeping you alive").

But he took to the fight with gusto. The rival performers matched each other acrobat for acrobat, lady fiddler for lady fiddler, fight champ for fight loser (as Sullivan and Allen did after the Patterson-Rademacher fight) and, in the end, even blow for blow. When the singer socked the comedian, remarked one character, "it was like George Washington spinning on the American flag."

It was all a good idea, poorly executed. Only the roguish mugging of Movie Comedian Oakie, who at 54 should not have to worry about a rating, kept *Battle* above the lower echelons of taste that often characterize the actual rivalry on which it was modeled.

Pleasant Sound

To the 50 FM set owners in southern New Mexico's clear and dry Tularosa Basin, Max Rothman's converted chicken coop with the homemade broadcast tower was the best radio station on the air. Because Max, a chubby, balding man of 40, worked at nearby Holloman Air Force Base (like all 50 FM owners), his wife Sima handled the daytime broadcasts, wrote copy, answered the phone and managed to look after four children between platters and chatter. As feeding time grew near, the squalls of her baby son often punctuated her spot announcements, but nobody seemed to mind. After work (designing instruments for rockets and balloons) Max took over the control board; on weekends he canvassed merchants to sell time, traveled about to help install FM sets.

The Rothmans refused to go in for the twanging cowboy laments that flooded the air waves of the region, and for this, many farmers came from miles around to shake Max's hand. Says he: "A lot of them told me they had never heard music

*Ride restfully...
Dine delightfully*



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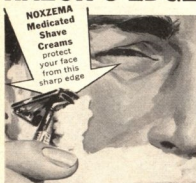
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Coolest Shaves in the World!*

like this before." The combination of Max and FM proved so fertile that now, two years after the Rothmans began flooding the basin with Beethoven, Schoenberg, Saint-Saëns and other good music, FCC is letting him branch out with an AM radio station as well. And this week the station's 36 stockholders—mostly old friends—will meet with Max to hear a cheerful report: as of December, its first month of both AM and FM broadcasting, the station grossed a record \$3,000.

Reward did not come too soon. Max had poured a lot of sweat and faith into his old chicken coop; he borrowed heavily from family and friends, got help from another hi-fi lover, Space Surgeon Colonel Paul Stapp (TIME, Sept. 12, 1955), who lent him much of his big collection of LP records, is now a stockholder. Rothman traded radio time for food and furniture, and Sima, an amateur artist, illustrated the monthly programs. In return for job printing, the Alamogordo newspaper got free newscasts. To pay for delivery of a fifth child, Max installed FM equipment in the obstetrician's house, acquiring another listener in the bargain. After seven months he quit his job at the missiles development center to spend his time signing up new customers and "keeping people aware of us."

By last week some 10,000 FM fans were well aware of the Rothmans, and joining them were many of the estimated 70,000 AM set owners scattered across the basin to El Paso. Looking forward at last to some generously profitable years, Max was grateful to his FM followers. "Now everybody seems proud of the station," said he, "Possessive even."

For the first time since the advent of TV, restrained programing of the type exploited by Max Rothman is on the upswing all over the U.S. Thanks in large part to the nation's hi-fi hysteria, the air waves now support 537 FM stations (against 521 TV stations) for the estimated 13 million sets in use. In the past two months FCC has made 22 grants for new FM stations, and 47 more are under construction. Several, like WFLN in Philadelphia, WEAW in Evanston, Ill., have expanded to AM to make their outlets better-paying propositions. Biggest single FM boom is taking place in Los Angeles, which boasts, as of this week, 20 FM stations. Both Lincoln and Continental are advertising FM dashboard sets, and a fortnight ago Mutual Broadcasting System announced plans to acquire seven FM stations, the legal limit on single ownership. Boston's WCRB, which pioneered in stereophonic sound, is offering a record 128 hours of concert music a week, and Westinghouse Broadcasting Co.'s four new "FM only" outlets are making a pitch to advertisers who prefer "a rifle shot to a shotgun blast." Says Westinghouse President Donald McGannon: "FM is at last on the march, and that day may not be too far distant when our country will have three separate major media for broadcast entertainment and advertising: TV, AM radio and FM radio."

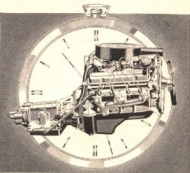
58's

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Photo by Jan Abbott

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The best medicine in the world, as your doctor or pharmacist might tell you, is the one which will help you get well in the quickest, safest way. It is Cyanamid's aim, through its Lederle Division, to make the best medicines in the world. In our search for perfection we are constantly developing new drugs and pharmaceuticals—and improving those in use. Our first broad-spectrum antibiotic, which conquered a wide range of diseases, was the result of over

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SPORT



OREGON'S CRABTREE PASSING
The boy lit out . . .

Well Bowled

Appalled West Coast sportswriters moaned their prophecy: Oregon would have less chance against Ohio State in the Rose Bowl than a small boy against the town tough. Playing in the spotty Pacific Coast Conference, Oregon was a two-time loser in its last three games. And Ohio State's brawny Buckeyes, despite an opening-game upset by Texas Christian, were undefeated in the mighty Big Ten. From San Diego to Portland, bookies hefted the sheer weight of the Ohio State ground attack and made the visitors the favorites by as much as 24 points.

Last week 98,202 fans had barely settled down in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena before the slaughter seemed to start. Ohio State took the opening kickoff and turned loose a bull-necked, bulldozing fullback named Bob White. With White whacking away at the middle of the Oregon line, the Midwesterners knocked Oregon's Star Guard Harry Mondale out of the game, rumbled across the goal line after only 13 plays. Score: 7-0.

Then, to the delighted astonishment of the crowd, the boy lit out after the tough. Oregon Quarterback Jack Crabtree looked like a pro as he fooled Ohio State ends and line-backers in running plays that piled up yardage. When he faded to pass, charging defensive linemen were suddenly choked off by the supposedly weak Oregon line. Given time to throw, he made a damaging discovery: the Buckeyes had a weak pass defense. In the second quarter, led by Crabtree's crafty signal-calling, Oregon tied the score, 7-7.

The game became a duel between Crabtree's passes (seven caught by End Ron Stover) and White's line plunges. In the third quarter, Oregon moved to the Buckeye 18-yard line, but Halfback Tom Mor-

ris missed a field goal. Minutes later, running mainly behind All-American Guard Aurelius Thomas, White bucked the ball to the Oregon 17. Then Reserve Halfback Don Sutherin thrice flexed his kicking leg and booted a field goal. That squeezed out a Buckeye victory, 10-7.

Weakling Oregon had outgained Ohio State (351 yds. to 304 yds.), and rung up more first downs (21 to 19), but Buckeye Coach Woody Hayes was satisfied. Said he: "The better team wins, always. And we won." Oregon Coach Len "Cazz" Casanova, who was carried off the field by his players, had a simple explanation for their great game: "We've been derided by everyone. I just told the boys I wanted to be proud of them after it was all over. And I am."

Other bowls:
¶ In the third period, Navy End Pete Jokanovich leaned across the line and made a startling offer to Rice End Gene Jones: "Hey, kid, you want a ticket to the game?" In Jokanovich's grimy fist were two tickets for the Cotton Bowl. His gag had a sharp point. Jones was in the Cotton Bowl, but his team was hardly in the ball game. Cool, cocky Navy did not take Rice seriously, and did not need to. Middle Quarterback Tom Forrestal, playing his last game, put on a deft lesson in the tactics of offensive warfare. Sharp-eyed while the Rice line shifted defensively, Forrestal changed many of his plays as he crouched over his center, completed 13 out of 24 passes for 153 yards. Against such opposition, Rice's big (6 ft. 3 in., 205 lbs.) Quarterback King Hill, also an All-American and the bonus draft choice of the Chicago Cardinals, got nowhere, sat out most of the second half. Final score: 20-7.

¶ With Quarterback Ray Brown running and passing like a one-man backfield, Mississippi swept Texas off the field in the Sugar Bowl, 39-7. Brown passed for one touchdown, set up another on an interception, and scored two himself, one on a 92-yard run.

¶ Scoring three touchdowns in the first seven minutes of the last period, lean,



OREGON'S STOVER CATCHING®
. . . after the tough.

swift Oklahoma routed Duke in the Orange Bowl, 48-21. For Oklahoma, the victory salvaged some of the sting of this season's Notre Dame defeat that snapped its 47-game winning streak.

Death of a Sportsman

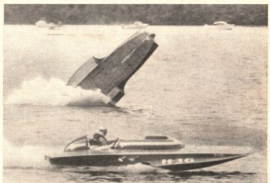
"I'm a lucky driver," he used to say. "I've never been in the water." With luck riding in the cockpit, Italy's Ezio Selva became a world champion hydroplane driver, a little, effusive man with a light touch on the skidding turns and a heavy foot on the straightaways. A onetime high-diving champion of Italy, Selva seemed ideally suited for the sport he took up in 1948 at the advanced age of 46. Cockily, he used the 400-h.p. Alfa-Romeo engine from the boat that had killed his good friend, Mario Verga, in 1954. "One engine won't kill two men," said Selva.

But in the U.S., Selva had more than his share of bad breaks. Three times he was knocked out of the Orange Bowl's

* Charging up: Ohio State Fullback White.



DRIVER SELVA



SOMERSAULTING "MUSKETEER"
His first spill was his last.

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CANADA THE LORD SIMCOE, IN TORONTO
THE LORD ELGIN, IN OTTAWA



International Grand Prix in Miami, twice on disqualifications and once when an underwater object ripped a hole in his hurtling hull. Last week when he climbed into his bright red "Moschetti" (Musketeeer) for a fourth try at the event, Selva had good reason to think this time his luck might be good. He knew the course, and his engine was tuned to a blatting, bellowing roar of controlled fury. But win or lose, Selva, 55, had decided to quit the sport after the race. Said he: "I'm too old."

Against standard racing strategy, Selva let himself be beaten to the starting line in the first heat, was trapped back in the pack and could not break loose until the last lap when he nearly caught the winner, George Byers Jr. of Columbus, Ohio. Between heats he explained to newsmen: "I no like to start first—bad luck."

In the second heat, Selva again was beaten to the start by two boats, but the judges immediately disqualified them both for jumping the gun. Out on the water, without knowledge of the judges' decision, Selva knew only that he was behind again. While his 20-year-old son Luciano made movies of the race from the shore, Selva roared after the leaders. The arching rooster tail of water thrown up by his prop hissed behind as Selva whipped past the second boat. And skipping down the straightaway at 100 m.p.h., he shot into the lead right in front of his son's camera.

An instant later, a wave slightly lifted the hydroplane's flat nose. Ponderously, the 364-lb. boat started into a slow-motion backward somersault. Luciano hurled away his camera and screamed: "It's turning over! Father, father!" The red Musketeeer landed full on its bow, dashed Selva against the windshield. His son half-jumped, half-fell 30 ft. to the ground from the judges' stand and leaped into the bay. A patrol boat raced to pick up Selva's floating body. The windshield had ripped into Selva's chest, and he was already dead. His first spill into the water was his last.

Scoreboard

❑ Only the puck went unscathed in Boston last week when every Boston Bruin and Montreal Canadian swarmed out on the ice for a spectacular 14-minute brawl. After them skidded skateless cops, prat-falling through a Mack Sennett routine, while frantic officials whistled out a string of 27 penalties. At game's end (Montreal 4, Boston 3) the skating wounded included Boston's Leo Labine (five stitches in the forehead) and Jack Bionda (mashed hand), and Montreal's Henri Richard (six stitches in the scalp).

❑ Sprinter Bobby Morrow, the handsome Texan who ran off with three Gold Medals in the 1956 Olympics, won the James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy as the outstanding amateur athlete of 1957.

❑ In boxing, Middleweight Champion Carmen Basilio, the ex-onion farmer who won his title from Sugar Ray Robinson, was named Fighter of the Year by the National Boxing Association.

the truth

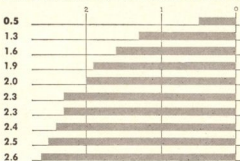
Read it in the first complete comparison
any cigarette has ever published
on nicotine and tar content!

The first complete comparison! See how much better King Sano is than *every one* of all the 9 best selling filter cigarettes in the

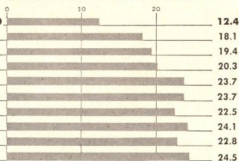
U.S. in reducing nicotine and tars. Because only King Sano reduces nicotine and tars in the tobacco where it really counts.

(Brands are listed in order of nicotine content)

Average milligrams of nicotine in smoke of 1 cigarette



Average milligrams of tar in smoke of 1 cigarette



Average milligrams of nicotine and tars shown are based on the results of a continuing study by Stillwell & Gladding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists, of the average nicotine and tar content of filter-tip cigarettes purchased on the open market. In order to keep the smoke comparison equal, 47 millimeters of all cigarettes under test are smoked.

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PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY.

3 transistors available
2. 3 transistors with a 100

Westinghouse Turbine Generator for Hawaiian Electric



Assembly Line Is Set Up For A-Power Equipment



By EDMOUR GERMAIN, Westinghouse Staff Writer

WESTINGHOUSE has set up the world's first assembly line devoted exclusively to the production of a complete power equipment, the Westinghouse A-Power generator and turbine.

Although not a strictly assembly line, the new line of nuclear steam generators, Special Series A-P, has streamlined the process to justify the new manufacturing plant.

Jet Contract Goes To Westinghouse

\$17 Million Navy Contract Won

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—A Navy propulsion contract for jet aircraft engines totaling more than 17 million dollars has been awarded here by the aviation gas turbine division of West-

inghouse to the atomic power industry by being first to produce a successful design of a gas turbine engine and in producing one of the basic equipment for the big steamturbine engine.

Westinghouse Science Talent Search in 17th Year

THE NATION'S top means for finding potential research scientists among the country's high school seniors has begun. It is the Talent Search for the Westinghouse Scholarships and Awards. The 17th Search consists of a contest for scientists and mathematicians that the need for scientific talent is paramount importance to the Free World. It also is a "National Science Youth

Largest Single Order Westinghouse Building 35 Motors for Peru Copper Operation

WESTINGHOUSE has begun work here on 35 big electric motors which will play a major role in winning out copper from ore deposits high in the Andes mountains in Peru. Totaling 21,550 hp, the 35 units comprise the largest motor manufacturing job ever undertaken for a single customer in the last 25 years. The 35 units will be built at the Westinghouse plant, James N. Hagan, division manager, announced.

The motors will drive machinery used for crushing and grinding copper-bearing ore in the giant \$200 million Tropicana project of the Southern Peru Copper Corp., now under construction 50 miles northwest of Lima, Peru.

Boeing Orders Westinghouse Power Units for 707 Jets

LEWIS, Ohio—Boeing Airplane Co. has ordered \$3.8 million worth of a new airborne electrical power and servo center from West-

Business Booms for Westinghouse

Sales of Westinghouse Products

Business Booms for Westinghouse

Sales of Westinghouse Products

science talent searches consist of national competitions in this country. To compete with the contest, scientists must take science aptitude report on "My Science and Scholastic Record" and submit it to the contest's school. A minimum of 100 students will take place at beginning of the year. The single state has been selected to participate in the contest. The new program's primary purpose is to encourage students to take science courses in high school. The contest will be held in 1956. It is estimated that 40 winners will be selected. The prize is \$5,000. The contest is open to students in the United States.

one company in one year

Westinghouse Scientists Develop Four-Way Magnetic Steel

CLIMAXING a 25-year search by the electrical industry, scientists at Westinghouse Research Laboratories, Pittsburgh, Pa., recently announced a new kind of magnetic steel which allows magnetism to turn around corners, and which promises to improve performance and simplify construction of electrical apparatus.

Westinghouse Gets Niagara Generator Job

Area Plant to Build Waterwheel Units Of Record

aterial called Cubex steel, is a kind of oriented silicon-iron, or "cube-oriented" used in the magnetic cores of electric motors and other electrical equipment. It is involved in preparing the new silicon steel vacuum furnace of Haman, Germany. Many Westinghouse research scientists are working on the development of this material, scientists say. As a result, the material is being used in the new generator for the Niagara Falls project.

Westinghouse Renews Employment Stock Purchase Plan

WESTINGHOUSE has renewed its employment stock purchase plan for 1956. The plan allows employees to purchase Westinghouse common stock at a discount of 10% to 15% of the market price. The plan is open to all full-time employees who have been with the company for at least one year. The plan is subject to the approval of the Board of Directors.

Area Plant to Build Waterwheel Units Of Record

Queen's Isle Talk Links World's Largest Waterwheel To Loss of Ice

By KENNETH LORE, Staff Writer, Pittsburgh Courier



The Queen's Isle waterwheel, the largest in the world, is being built at the Westinghouse plant in Queen's Isle, Scotland. The waterwheel is 100 feet in diameter and will generate 10,000 horsepower. It is being built to replace a waterwheel that was destroyed by a fire in 1940. The new waterwheel is expected to be completed in 1956.



By KENNETH LORE, Staff Writer, Pittsburgh Courier

Plant Begun By Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE announced the development of a new metal, a step closer to the expected use in nuclear reactors. The metal is a new alloy of nickel and chromium, which is resistant to corrosion and has a high melting point. It is being developed for use in the core of a nuclear reactor.

Lab Planned By Westinghouse

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 6.—The new metal is now being investigated by heating

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it's his world

After Six



A world of comfort... carefree, relaxed, that's "Mr. Formal", the most popular tuxedo in America! It's featherlight all-wool worsted... luxurious and smooth to the touch. It's fashion-right, slimline in style... single breasted with shawl collar. And there's a hint of magic moonlight in the deep blue-black shade. \$62.50.

(Others \$45 to \$125. Slightly higher for West and Canada.)

After Six
BY RUDOLFER

Write for free Dress Chart and Booklet by Bert Bacharach, authority on men's fashions.
AFTER SIX FORMALS • PHILA. 3, PA.

SCIENCE

Methodical Journey

The South Pole is not what it used to be. After 13 months of lavishly air-supplied U.S. occupancy, it has been described as "looking like a Chinese laundry after a hurricane," with assorted litter peppering the snow. But getting around the Antarctic by land is still quite a trick. Last week New Zealand's Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Mt. Everest, arrived at the South Pole after a 1,200-mile journey by tractor from the British base at Scott Station on the Ross Sea (see map). He made it with only one drum of gasoline left, enough for 20 miles of travel.

Sir Edmund crossed new and difficult terrain, but his purpose was not primarily exploration. It was to establish supply depots to be used by the Commonwealth trans-Antarctic expedition led by Britain's Dr. Vivian Fuchs, which is working its way across the whole ice-covered continent from the Weddell Sea, making scientific observations every 30 miles.

Depot 700. Tall (6 ft. 3 in.), methodical Sir Edmund trained for his trip as he trained for Mt. Everest. He and his men started with the snowfields of the New Zealand Alps, then moved to Antarctica, where for nearly a year they tested themselves and their tractors in the worst possible weather. Last Oct. 14 he set out from the Ross Sea base, led a supply train with four tractors up the Skelton Glacier to the ice-covered tableland on the far side of Antarctica's main mountain range. When he had established Depot 700 (700 miles from the coast), his job was done, but only about 500 miles separated him from the U.S.-occupied Pole.

On Dec. 26, with three tractors, two sledges, a ramshackle caboose, two mechanics, a radio man and a movie photographer, he started south, steering by the never-setting sun. The tractors—ordinary Fergusons hardly modified from the model used on thousands of farms—performed magnificently. The only serious trouble was a generator, but thoughtful Sir Edmund had a spare along. The expedition had a little trouble with crevasses, but the tractors proved to have unexpected crevasse-detecting talents. Most of their weight is carried on the rear wheels, so when the front wheels sank into the snow over a crevasse, the driver had a good chance of backing out.

Gasping Tractors. One hundred miles from the Pole, the going got worse. The altitude, 11,000 ft., made the faithful tractors gasp for breath, and the snow got so soft that they often sank deeply into it and had to be manhandled out. Once the unemotional Hillary radioed: "I thought at one time that this might be the end of the line for the tractor train." But the tractors made it, and Hillary would have been all right, of course, if they had not. He was carrying emergency gear and supplies for foot travel to the U.S. base.

The weather got worse, so the last 70

miles was made in a 24-hour dash. At last, with most of the gasoline gone, Sir Edmund spied the U.S. buildings on the white plateau. This was no time, he knew, for precipitate action. He remembered his expedition's official correspondent at Scott Station, and also the fact that reporters of the *London Daily Mail* (see Press) and U.S. wire services were waiting for him at the Pole. So the New Zealanders quietly made camp. Four of them, including Sir Edmund, calmly went to sleep. The inhabitants of the base were asleep too. Not until the next morning, after his

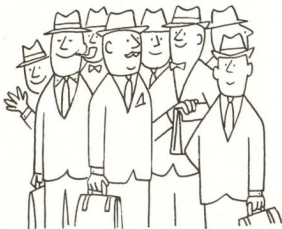


Time Map by J. Donovan

radio man had sent the news of the expedition to the proper press contact, did the methodical Sir Edmund chug the last two miles to the base and announce himself to the Americans.

The Young Rocketeers

"It was just sitting there," said Johnny Easley, 16, of San Angelo, Texas, "and all of a sudden it wasn't." Johnny and his friend Billy Hembree, 17, were sent to a hospital last week with minor injuries after trying to fly their do-it-yourself rocket, a 2-ft. copper tube filled with a mixture of zinc dust and sulphur. They lit it and ran. "It was just like the Flopnik [Vanguard]," said Billy, "going great at first. Then it just folded." When they returned to investigate, the rocket exploded. Johnny and Billy were lucky; a few weeks earlier, Science Teacher Garland Foster of the Floydada, Texas high



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TIME, JANUARY 13, 1958

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school was killed while demonstrating a somewhat smaller rocket.

All over the U.S., homemade rockets are fizzing, exploding and—on rare occasions—soaring into the sky. Sometimes they fall to earth, their launchers know not where. A San Antonio housewife hanging out her wash heard something swoosh down from above, and a length of pipe buried itself in the earth close to her feet. In Boston the National Fire Protection Association urged that amateur rocketry be prohibited until a strict system of supervision can be established.

Fertilizer & Match Heads. Some states and cities have already taken action, but teen-age rocketeers are hard to discourage. While liquid-fueled rockets are top fashion with amateurs, only a few of them are built. They are too complicated and expensive. But news has got around that respectable rockets can be made out of metal tubing closed at one end and filled with a slow-burning solid fuel.

Many different ingredients can be used, and any intelligent teen-ager can find out what they are. Some of the mixtures, especially those containing chlorates and perchlorates, are extremely dangerous. Instead of burning gradually, they are apt to detonate like dynamite. Another dangerous compound is ammonium nitrate, which is sold as fertilizer. When mixed with certain other things, it is a violent explosive, and even by itself it should be treated with respect. The explosion of two shiploads of it wrecked Texas City in 1947, with a loss of 512 lives.

But no rocket fuel is really safe, even the scraped-off match-head material that is popular with subteen-agers. When the fuel burns, it generates gas inside the rocket. If the gas is allowed to escape too easily, its pressure remains low and it generates too little thrust to get the rocket off the ground. If it is confined too much, its pressure rises too high and makes the rocket explode.

Designing a successful solid-fuel rocket is largely a matter of matching the burning rate of the fuel to the nozzle through which the gases escape. This is not easy for skilled experts. For kids with a collection of pipe fittings, a couple of chemicals and almost no knowledge, correct calculation is almost impossible. Many of their rockets are like the crude pipe-bombs that the Mad Bomber hid in Manhattan movie theaters. Some are much worse. Kids are apparently able to acquire most of the hair-raising chemicals that they have been reading about in books on rockets and space flight.

On Handy Deserts. When done properly, rocket building and flying is a fascinating scientific sport, and it is probably less dangerous than hot-rodding. In Southern California, whose handy deserts make fine, uninhabited testing grounds, the sport is highly organized, and many of the boys who build do-it-yourself rockets are planning to go into the missile business when they finish school. Some of their rockets are semiprofessional jobs with recovery parachutes and other fancy features. They are launched with proper



Richard North—LIFE
AMATEUR BLAST-OFF ON THE MOJAVE
Probably safer than hot-rodding.

precautions: dugouts, red flag, a countdown, all the fixings.

This sort of organization seems to be spreading. In thickly populated Eastern states the cops hamper even the more serious rocketeers, but in Texas, Utah and other states with plenty of room, many societies of intent teen-agers, under proper supervision, are aiming their flame-tipped tubes at the sky.

For responsible kids, Rocket Fuel Expert Francis Warren of the Southwest Research Institute has some useful "don'ts":

- ❑ Don't play with chlorates or perchlorates.
- ❑ Don't use mixtures containing finely divided metals. Magnesium is particularly dangerous.
- ❑ Don't light a rocket with a match. Do it by remote control behind a barricade.
- ❑ Don't launch a rocket from a simple wooden trough or stovepipe. A much more elaborate setup is required for adequate safety.

Practice Moon Waves

Both of the Sputniks have long been radio-silent, but after Jan. 14 radio hams will have another space broadcasting station to tune in on: the old reliable moon itself. The Army Signal Corps announced last week that it will bounce radio waves off the moon on even-numbered nights when the moon is around. The signals will be on the same frequency, 108 megacycles, that will be used by U.S. satellites-to-come, and they will come down from space in about the same way. So while the hams and the official tracking stations are waiting for another beeping satellite, they can keep their equipment space-worthy by training it on the moon.

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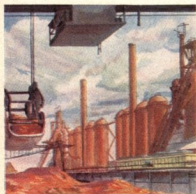
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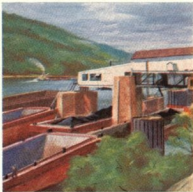
through participation in iron ore operations in Labrador and Quebec. Its needs for metallurgical coal are met by National Mines Corporation with operations and properties in Pennsylvania and Kentucky.

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THE PRESS

Barber's Pole

"I AM AT THE POLE!" shrieked a headline in London's *Daily Mail* (circ. 2,138,510), and below it, in the hoary old tradition of British I-witness journalism, ran Correspondent Noel Barber's breathless dispatch: "I have reached the South Pole. I am the sixth Briton in history to do so, the first for 45 years since Scott's party of five reached here in 1912, only to perish on the return journey."

"Bus Run." Back in Fleet Street, Barber's "triumphant arrival" at the Pole in a U.S. Navy plane won a game salute from the *Daily Mirror* (circ. 4,658,793). But Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* (circ. 4,024,800), the *Mail's* archrival in the derring-do dateline, was as elaborately unimpressed as its big type could say. On the day of his triumph, without mentioning Barber, the paper ran a cut of the thickly populated U.S. polar base, "The 'Town' at the South Pole," and noted pointedly that "the polar 'bus run' flight has become a commonplace."

For days, though, the Pole was the top of the world for Barber, who has flown 1,000,000 miles since 1953 on assignments that sent him tracking Stanley's route through Africa, exploring a Moroccan



Keystone

THE DAILY MAIL'S NOEL BARBER
Rubbish in the l.

smuggling trail, catching an Elsa Maxwell party in the Aegean and a Russian bullet in Budapest. Correspondent Barber, a sandy-haired 46, filed happily about the cold, the hazards, the food, the preparations for welcoming the Hillary expedition from New Zealand (see SCIENCE). He also told how he planted a home-made Union Jack at the Pole. One angle that escaped him: the long-established scientific mission of his U.S. hosts at the polar base.

The Last Word. Crowed a *Mail* editorial over its icy ace: "He is among the great reporters of the world." The *Express* could not stand this, last week struck back with a new contest. YOUR TRIP TO THE SOUTH POLE, ran a Page One headline (then a subhead FOR OF COURSE EVERYBODY'S DOING IT). Read the story: "The winner wouldn't be alone when he got there. These days politicians—even entertainers!—are flying in 'on the milk run' almost every day. WHY DON'T YOU GO TOO!" Next day the *Express* announced the details: "All you have to do: write on a postcard—in not more than 50 words—the message I would like to deliver to the people at the South Pole."

The *Mail* did not stoop to reply, but its sister Rothermere paper, the *Daily Sketch* (circ. 1,304,892), cried in protest: "Utter rubbish." Added the *Sketch*: "If the *Daily Express* manages to get one reader to the South Pole by the end of January, we will pay £500 to any charity the *Daily Express* chooses." In the midst of the English winter, hundreds of *Express* readers entered the contest to get to the Pole. But at week's end, while Fleet Street bet privately that the *Sketch's* money was safe, the *Mail's* Barber had the last word. When Hillary reached the Pole, the *Mail's* banner line bragged: LUNCH WITH HILLARY, and the byline read: "From Noel Barber, the only British newspaperman there."

Find the Killer

Readers of West Virginia's Clarksburg evening *Telegram* and its sister morning paper, the *Exponent* (combined circ. 37,000), gawked last week at a new contest. On the front page appeared a "Secret Witness" form urging readers to fill in the blanks. It read: "I think the following person or persons should be suspected of the murder [of Milton J. Cohen, 59-year-old co-owner of the city's most fashionable women's shop]: Name—, Address—, or full description—." For following reasons—"The form made clear that "in case of duplicate information, the letter bearing the earliest postmark will have priority." The prize: \$1,000.

The contest was no stunt. It was proposed to the papers by the state police, stymied in their hunt for a masked man who shot Cohen at the door of his home during an attempted holdup. The prize money was posted by the authorities. Entrants were assured of anonymity and told to mark their forms with an identifying symbol so they could claim the prize if they won.

The papers agreed to run the form for ten days. In the first two days, a dozen entries arrived addressed to "Secret Witness, Post Office Box 654, Clarksburg," i.e., the police. Some of them listed "reasons" in such detail that they required an extra sheet of paper. Said Sergeant Walter L. Pike, in charge of the investigation: "We'll get around to every one."

Insull Strikes Back

Ever since his Midwestern utilities empire collapsed in scandal in the 1930s, the late Samuel Insull has served a generation of writers as a bogey of financial skulduggery. Samuel Insull Jr., 57, once his father's righthand man and now a Chicago insurance salesman, bore up steadily under the legacy. Last week he rebelled.

Insull complained about a piece by Scripps-Howard's Washington Correspondent Charles Lucey citing "racketeering practices of a kind that sent the Samuel Insulls and Richard Whitney to jail." He objected to the words of Historian



United Press

THE SAMUEL INSULLS (1935)
Grounds in the we.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in *The Crisis of the Older Order*: "[Insull] dominated Chicago, bribing the state utilities commission, affably encouraging the corruptions of local politics." He took exception to what Kenneth E. Trombley wrote in *The Life and Times of a Happy Liberal*: "[Insull's] career] was to end with his going to jail for embezzlement."

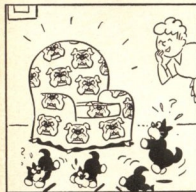
In effect, said Insurance Man Insull, these critics charge "that we Insulls were convicted of certain crimes when, in fact, we were acquitted on every occasion." He noted that he was "indissolubly linked" with his father, heading the same companies, accused of the same misdeeds, standing trial in the same courts. Against Correspondent Lucey, nine Scripps-Howard papers, Authors Schlesinger and Trombley and their publishers, Insull filed libel suits for \$4,000,000. Said he: "This marks the first attempt of us Insulls to strike back at a 25-year unorganized but consistent campaign to vilify us."

* The elder Insull was jailed in Turkey while awaiting deportation to the U.S. for trial, and again for a week in Cook County while his son raised \$300,000 bail. But he was found innocent of all charges: mail fraud, embezzlement, and violation of the bankruptcy laws.

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The Zombie Worker

In the 34 years since the paper was born to shimmy with the Moscow line, the Communist Party has huffed, puffed and passed the hat repeatedly to save Manhattan's *Daily Worker* from folding. Last week the party tried for the first time to fold the *Worker* deliberately—and found to its chagrin that the hardy little rag kept right on coming out.

With a circulation of only 20,000 in its 1938 heyday, the *Worker* has shrunk to four tabloid pages, a publishing schedule of four days a week and sales of about 5,000—many of them to the FBI, the capitalist press and other students of the party line. Orders for its demise came from the party's national executive committee, apparently because 1) it has become a costly luxury to sustain, and 2) Editor John Gates belongs to the "right-wing" party faction that now balks at blind obedience to Moscow.

After casting the lone vote in favor of continuing the paper, Editor Gates told a capitalist-press reporter: "I intend to fight for the paper's continued existence. In any case, the *Daily Worker* will cease to exist when it alone says so." Sure enough, the paper appeared on the day it was to have died, said nothing about ceasing to exist or even about the party's orders. At week's end Gates was passing the same old hat, hoping to keep working the *Worker* until he gets the results of his appeal for its reprieve by the full national committee.

The Iconoclast

Back in the Texas of the 1890s, when the pen was not always mightier than the six-shooter, Editor William Cowper Brann grew so bitter about sham and injustice that he longed for "a language whose words are coals of juniper-wood, whose sentences are woven with a warp of aspics' fangs and woof of fire." The language came so naturally that in three years of publishing in Waco, then a town of 25,000, he built a phenomenal worldwide circulation of 120,000 for his one-man monthly *Iconoclast*. It also tore Waco into feuding factions, got Brann himself kidnaped, beaten and almost lynched, caned and horsewhipped at pistol point, and finally shot to death.

Last week Editor Brann was very much alive. His words smoked and crackled in the pages of *Brann* and the *Iconoclast* (University of Texas; \$3.95), by Charles Carver—and burned again in Waco. The book sold briskly and set such old arguments raging as the one between Texas Naturalist Roy Bedichek, 79, and his wife. Fifty years ago, a bitter dispute over Brann's views almost broke their engagement. Shortly before the book came out, when Mrs. Bedichek learned that her husband had written its introduction, she almost broke up a dinner party with her angry objections. Brann's international drawing power came back to life too. As it went into its second printing in Texas, a London publisher prepared a British edition of Author Carver's skillful memoir of the

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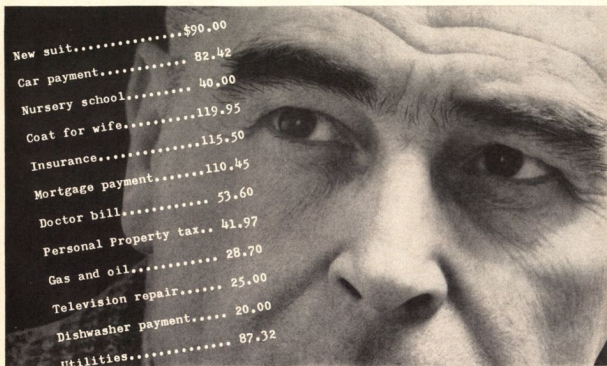
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pamphleteer whom curmudgeonly H. L. Mencken once saluted as "a past master of invective."

Wind & Froth. "Tall in body and mind," a handsome, brown-eyed man with a deep voice, Brann first hit Waco at the age of 39 after an odyssey that began in rural Illinois. He went to work as a bellhop when he was 13. By 21, he had been a painter, freight-train fireman, brakeman, baseball pitcher and manager of an opera company. Then, educating himself as he went along, he worked on newspapers in St. Louis, Galveston, Houston, Austin and San Antonio. In Austin, his first attempt to run his own paper foundered.

But in Waco, subscriptions soon deluged him in the currency of a dozen lands. The 16-page *Iconoclast* was a potpourri of flamboyant comment on all things, laced with spleen, belly laughs, erudition, ribaldry and scorpion satire. Often intemperate, rarely constructive, Brann could be—and was—accused of doing more harm than good. But it was hard to fault his eloquence. On the approaching marriage of Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough, he mocked: "The fiancé of Miss Vanderbilt is descended . . . through a long line of titled cuckolds and shameless pimps, and now stands on the ragged edge of poverty, bartering to parvenus for bread an empty dukedom bought with a female relative's dishonor." Brann scoffed at James Whitcomb Riley, "the poetical ass with the three-story name," railed at a clergyman-critic as a "monstrous bag of fetid wind," adding: "The man who can find intellectual food in [his] sermons could acquire a case of delirium tremens by drinking the froth out of a pop bottle." The son of a Presbyterian minister, he rang some of his angriest cadences against anti-Catholic bigots, called them "equal to any crime requiring no physical courage."

Épée & Saber. He could use the *épée* as well as the *saber*. "An heretic, my dear sir," he wrote, "is a fellow who disagrees with you regarding something neither of you knows anything about." Or: "Marriage is, perhaps, the only game of chance ever invented at which it is possible for both players to lose." Against religiosity, he thrust: "Too many people presume that they are full of the grace of God when they're only bilious." When readers complained that he was too harsh, he had a ready riposte: "I have not yet mastered the esoteric of choking a bad dog to death with good butter."

Brann kept his sharpest sting for "the blatant jackasserie" of Waco's entrenched Baptists and their "storm center of misinformation," Baylor University. He needed the local Baptist press for "laddling out saving grace with one hand while raking in the shekels with the other for flaming advertisements of syphilitic nostrums." He riddled one proposal that Baptists do business only with Baptists. He ridiculed Waco's Sunday blue laws, mocked how the town fretted about liquor sales while it licensed prostitutes. He seized avidly on the scandal of a 14-year-old Brazilian girl who, studying at Baylor and living in the home of its president,



EDITOR WILLIAM COWPER BRANN
Warp of fangs, woof of fire.

became pregnant and charged that she was raped by the brother of the president's Baptist minister son-in-law.

Hypocrites & Deadbeats. When friends of Baylor denied the girl's charge and pictured her as a wanton, Brann let go with everything in his arsenal. He sneered that Baylor had "received an ignorant little Catholic as raw material and sent forth two Baptists as the finished product." He flayed it as "a manufactory of ministers and Magdalenes" and "worse than a harem." A mob battered Brann, almost strung him to a tree on the Baylor campus. Two men died in a gunfight over his charges. But he kept returning to the attack against "spleenetic-hearted hypocrites and pietistal deadbeats," lashed the Baptist elders as "bipedal brutes . . . whom an inscrutable Providence has kept out of the penitentiary to ornament the amen-corner," scorned the Baylor faculty as "men who cannot write deer sur without the expenditure of enough nervo-muscular energy to raise a cotton crop."

The town's mood grew uglier, and Brann began carrying a pistol. Late one April afternoon, as he walked down the street, a man named Tom Davis, who had a daughter at Baylor, whipped out a pistol and shot Brann in the back "right where the suspenders crossed." The editor whirled and fired again and again while Davis pumped two more bullets into him. Within hours, though he took his killer with him, Brann was dead.

Waco never quite forgot its prairie Voltaire. The grass had hardly begun to cover his grave when a figure stole into Oakwood Cemetery and fired a gun point-blank at Brann's bas-relief profile on the stone. Like his contemporaries, those who followed could never agree whether he was saint or devil's apostle, infidel or genius. But, as Waco was reminded last week after almost 60 years, the words outdistanced the bullets.



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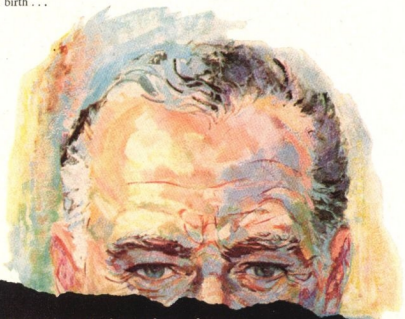
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Limited Boost

In its suggestions to President Eisenhower for beefing up U.S. education, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare obviously had its eye as much on the nation's pocketbooks as on its classrooms. The plan, pared to a minimum, would cost the U.S. Government about \$224 million in federal money the first year and an estimated \$1 billion by the time it terminates at the end of four. Its chief proposals:

¶ Since one out of five students in the upper fourth of their class drops out of high school before graduation and only one out of three of those left goes to college, HEW suggested that the U.S. provide 1) grants to the states on a fifty-fifty matching basis to set up statewide testing programs to identify gifted students early, 2) matching grants to help the states train more student counselors and 3) enough money for 10,000 college and university scholarships for able students who preferably have "good preparation in science and mathematics."

¶ HEW also suggested matching grants to help local schools recruit more mathematics and science teachers, raise salaries and buy equipment, and finally to help the states strengthen the science and mathematics programs in their departments of education. Among the reasons for this request: "Studies indicate that only one out of three high school graduates has had a year of chemistry, only one out of four has taken a year of physics. There is a current shortage of more than 8,000 high school science teachers and yet—of the 3,000 graduates prepared to teach science last year—2,000 went into industrial jobs rather than the classroom . . . All the 48 states now promote the teaching of home economics, agriculture and distributive trades. Only eight states, however, had special directors or units last year to foster and improve the teaching of science and mathematics."

¶ To reduce the shortage of college and university teachers, HEW wanted funds to provide 1,000 fellowships for graduate study the first year and 1,500 for each of the three years after that. Direct federal grants, matched by each institution, of up to \$125,000 a year could go to campuses for salaries and equipment.

¶ Since the percentage of high school students taking a foreign language dropped from 50% in 1928 to 20% in 1955, HEW suggested that the U.S. help the states set up language training centers, and also a series of summer institutes for language teachers.

At the end of his memorandum to the President, Secretary Marion Folsom suggested that a \$79 million grant be given the National Science Foundation, which now carries on many of the kinds of programs HEW hopes to foster. Thus, HEW itself would be left with only \$145 million the first year to give U.S. education the boost it so badly needs.

The Man Who Played George

No teacher or parent in the city of Evanston, Ill. (pop. 75,300) cared more deeply about the Orrington elementary school than Swedish-born Hjalmar Andersson. For 23 years as janitor, he kept the building clean and in good repair; no matter how much there was to do, he always had time to joke or chat with the pupils and listen to their troubles. But for all his good humor, Janitor Andersson is a stubborn man. Last week he was barred from the school he loves because of a rather odd and lonely crusade.

The crusade began in 1955 when the state legislature passed the famed Broyles



EX-JANITOR ANDERSSON
To save a chip of freedom.

law requiring public employees to sign an anti-Communist loyalty oath to uphold the U.S. and Illinois Constitutions. Lutheran Andersson decided that the oath was a subtle limitation on an American's freedom to speak his mind. Unlike the hundreds of teachers who agreed with him but still bowed to the law, he flatly refused to sign. "I pledged my allegiance to the United States and to God when I took my citizenship oath in 1932," said he. "Must I then swear loyalty to one of its states, too?" In any case, there were just too many people around "who would chip away at our freedom and make us afraid to voice our belief."

Unable to tear himself away from his school, he kept on working as if nothing had happened. But since the school board could not legally pay him, he had to live on his \$3,500 savings, while almost \$7,500 in back paychecks piled up in the school safe. To make matters worse, the Internal

Revenue Service said that he owed \$25 33 in taxes on his 1955 salary. Though he wrote the service that his salary had been stopped, the revenuers were back again the next year with an additional demand for \$60. Meanwhile, the school board began to get a bit embarrassed about having an unpaid crusader around. Last month, at the board's request, Janitor Andersson finally quit.

Letters poured in from his former pupils. "I want you to stay in school," wrote one little girl. "You always meet us at the door," wrote another, "and are so joyful." But last week, his savings gone, 52-year-old Bachelor Andersson began looking for another job, still determined, foolishly or not, never to sign the oath. "Too many people say 'Let George do it,'" he explains, "even in matters involving defense of individual freedom. Someone has to be George." But being George is not easy. "The day goes fast," says Hjalmar Andersson quietly, "when all the children are around you."

Religiosity & Palaver

In his 69 years, Historian J. Frank Dobie, onetime "Professor Pancho" of the University of Texas, has sounded off on everything from the writing of Ph.D. theses ("transferring bones from one graveyard to another") to a onetime U. of T. president ("a flunky of the Laval pattern"). Last week he was off again when a reporter from the *Houston Post* asked him to say a few words about U.S. education.

"For a long generation now," Dobie began, "the professional educators in America have been holding school without much respect for 'cultivated mind.' All the public school superintendents and a great many college presidents hold degrees in education spelled with a capital E. They are Johnny-on-the-spot with Rotary Club optimism, football teamwork. Dedication-to-America Week, and such as that; but many of them don't know [a thing] when it comes to a real teacher of English, history, geology or any other branch of knowledge. Despite their degrees and positions, they are puerile-minded. Nearly all of them are stuffed with religiosity—which is not religion."

"If the universities and colleges that are always crying for more money cut out 85% of the education courses and 98% of the journalism courses, they would save an enormous amount of money and at the same time advance knowledge. Of course, howls going up would make the mountaintops rock. The superfluous always howl when their milk is cut off. For the academic year of 1957-58, the education department of the University of Texas lists 351 courses. They are all to make teachers more banal-minded. God pity your pupils; don't blame them for not being educated. What a teacher needs, aside from having sense and character, is basic knowledge in history, science, languages, literature, the fundamentals. All a would-be teacher gets out of education is palaver."

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Diva in Disgrace

WE DON'T WANT CALLAS IN ROME! was scrawled over the posters. Said others, in tribute to Soprano Callas' famed rival: VIVA TEBALDI! On Via Nazionale, before the Hotel Quirinale—where Callas stayed in her suite—truncheon-swinging police again and again charged shouting demonstrators. On the floor of Parliament, a Deputy introduced a motion that would bar Maria Meneghini Callas from all of Italy's state-subsidized opera houses. Her offense: on opening night at the Rome Opera, Callas had walked out of a performance of Bellini's *Norma* after the first act, leaving behind her a glittering audience of notables, including President Giovanni Gronchi.

Diva Callas could scarcely have picked a worse evening to stage a walkout. Rome



Publifoto—Black Star

CALLAS EXITING AS NORMA
Still able to scream.

had not heard her for two years, while rumors floated about that her voice was going; for her return, she had chosen one of her outstanding roles, and one of the most challenging in the repertory. As *Norma*, the Druid priestess, Callas came before her audience looking strikingly handsome in flowing robes, her dark hair aglitter with silver leaves. Midway in the first act, when she launched into the opera's most famed aria, *Casta Diva*, the house was hushed in taut expectancy. All of the familiar intensity was there, and the first notes were luminously clear. But as the aria moved into the upper registers, the voice seemed to darken and tremble. The audience responded with a mixture of

hisses and bravos. Callas lifted one thin arm in a furious gesture of contempt.

At intermission she locked herself in her dressing room with her friend, Gossipist Elsa Maxwell, and sobbingly told opera officials outside her door that she could not go on. Because Callas herself had refused to have an understudy at rehearsal, the management had no choice but to cancel the rest of the performance. Cracked an American in the audience: "After this *Casta Diva*, they may just cast a diva into the Tiber."

Maria Callas' husband, wealthy retired Manufacturer Giovanni Battista Meneghini, announced that "she is very, very, very sick." Callas herself apologized to President Gronchi, spoke to the press of a "lowering of the voice" ("It has happened to many singers before me, and now it was my turn"). The manager of the Rome opera house had still another explanation: Callas had celebrated New Year's Eve at a Rome nightclub "without due precautions."

None of the explanations satisfied the critics, some of whom were sure that Callas was simply losing her voice. Said the *Paese Sera*: "Let's be truthful. She started badly and got worse. Her voice appears threatened by changes in timbre and variations in the lower registers. In the high registers Callas is an acrobat who lacks breath."

For the second scheduled performance of *Norma*, the Rome Opera brought in hefty, promising Italian Soprano Anita Cerquetti. "She sang like a peaceful cow," said one critic, but she won a tumultuous ovation. Meanwhile the Opera management withheld Soprano Callas' fee (rumored close to \$2,000). The week's last word belonged to a maid at the Quirinale, who said: "She cannot have lost her voice. I heard her screaming at the waiter."

Lennie's Landing

Leonard Bernstein had not learned a new piano work in five years, but last week was special; he was making his first appearance with the New York Philharmonic since his appointment as its new permanent conductor and musical director. Lennie spent the weekend whipping Dmitry Shostakovich's new *Concerto No. 2 for Piano and Orchestra* into final shape for its U.S. premiere.

Shostakovich wrote his concerto for his 19-year-old son Maxim, who is a pianist but reportedly not an outstanding one. Pop's 15-minute exercise jittered and jumped in its two fast movements, meandered sweetly and slushily in its slow movement. The work was so far from the bite and sparkle of Shostakovich's first piano concerto (1933) that no one could decide whether the five-finger exercises with which it ended were an attempt at wit or merely a concession to Maxim's halting progress. But Bernstein piled through the piece just as if it all meant something, looking up from the keyboard occasionally to conduct his orchestra.

For the rest of the evening, he waved an unaccustomed baton (he has been using it to reduce the strain of conducting since he injured his back last fall). On the program: Robert Schumann's overture to *Manfred* and Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote*, the same pieces he conducted that day 14 years ago when he took over the Philharmonic as a substitute for ailing Bruno Walter to become the most famous young man about U.S. music. The parallel was obvious, and up in the gallery a new generation of fans whistled and cheered Lennie's happy landing.

Lotte's Secrets

"How can it really be that I was once the little girl and that one day I will be the old woman? . . . How can it happen, when, after all, I always remain the same?" So muses the Marchallin, the wise, witty and autumnal beauty in Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. For



LEHMANN WITH PUPIL
Still possessed of magic.

years the part was the special glory of Opera Singer Lotte Lehmann, and its touch of middle-aging melancholy took on a special meaning for her as Soprano Lehmann herself gradually grew too old to sing it (her last Metropolitan Opera appearance in the role was in 1945).

Last week 60-year-old Lotte Lehmann proved to British radio audiences that, in the sense of the Marchallin's words, she is still the same. In a dozen "master classes" last fall, retired Soprano Lehmann coached 30 students from London's Opera School and young professionals from the Royal Opera House. The *Rosenkavalier* classes—tape-recorded and now broadcast over BBC—displayed her old

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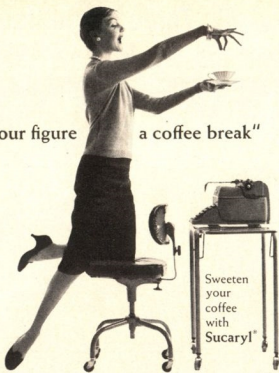
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magic and the extraordinary musical intelligence that helped make Lotte Lehmann one of the great singers of her time.

One Is Enough. British radio listeners could hear her remarkable performance, but could not see Teacher Lehmann as she had appeared during the classes on the stage of London's Wigmore Hall—her grey hair knotted in a bun, her handsome, heavy-jawed face lit with flashes of the passion she once sang into her great roles. She circled the stage gesturing, commenting, coaxing. She was trying, she told the singers, to help them develop individuality, not to turn them into "a dozen other Lehmanns" ("I have always enough trouble with this one").

With endless patience and dry irony, she probed the motivations of the characters. On Octavian: "He had thought that his love for the Marschallin was eternal—he is very young." When the Marschallin suggests that she will one day end the affair, and easily, "this is really the last straw for him. [He thinks.] 'Hasn't she ever loved me?' . . . He doesn't understand this woman at all." On the Marschallin: "She has not a drop of sentimentality in her whole makeup, not at all. Always she has this humorous superiority which carries her through everything . . . She knows that now the hour has come that Octavian will leave her. It has come a little bit earlier than is pleasant for her, but she is master of the situation."

Occasionally Lehmann interrupted a singer with a general comment (she recalled Strauss's own advice to her: "Have the courage to stand still"), sometimes spoke delightedly of a favorite passage: "This is one of the wonderful moments that the conductor has to wait for the singer." Said one of her awed young pupils: "I have learned just by being near her. She must have been a fantastically great artist."

Gay Goodbye. Back home in Santa Barbara, Calif., Lotte Lehmann coaches only a few singers ("just to keep it up") during the winter months. But in summer she is active as both teacher and opera producer at Santa Barbara's Music Academy of the West. She also spends a lot of time painting and making glass mosaics of her own design. Next fall Lotte Lehmann may go to Australia to repeat her teaching series.

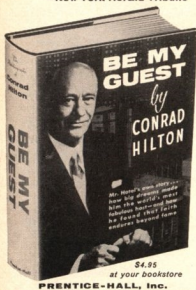
She will no longer sing, even for friends. The Wigmore Hall classes, though, brought an exception. As one reporter tells it: "She was demonstrating the ironic gaiety with which the Marschallin should bid Octavian goodbye. Suddenly, a sound went up which did not come from either of the very promising pupils of the Opera School. In a second we realized what had happened; Madame Lehmann had forgotten that she had no voice. The applause went on for about a minute while she brushed aside the moment of oblivion with a good-humored wave of her hand."

Says Lotte Lehmann herself, with a candor worthy of the Marschallin: "My voice is a shadow of itself. I hate to have shadows around me."

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WILLIAM GODWIN ON THE CHOICE OF GOVERN- MENT

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(AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING POLITICAL JUSTICE, 1793)

Artist: Ed Kysar

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RELIGION

Witness in Washington

Under a neat blue letterhead, a publication called *Memo* went out from Washington last week to 4,000 leaders of U.S. denominations affiliated with the National Council of Churches. Its significance was not in the subject matter (the "educational crisis") but in the fact that it was evidence of a new "organized Protestant witness in Washington."

The National Council has been publishing *Memo* sporadically for about seven years, but last week the publication and its sponsor were moving into high gear. Everyone connected with the project was quick to say that it would not be a Protestant lobby. "We represent too many denominations [34] with too wide a range of interests to be a lobby even if we wanted to," says the Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre Jr., Dean of the Episcopal Washington Cathedral. "What we are going to try to do is to throw into the discussion of national and world affairs down here what might be called the ethical dimension."

The new project arose from three high-level discussions held last year under the auspices of the cathedral and attended by such laymen as White House Economist Gabriel Hauge, Journalists Walter Lippmann and James Reston, Industrialist Paul Hoffman, and such clergymen as Washington's Episcopal Bishop Angus Dun and Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam. Behind closed doors they discussed Christian responsibility in economics, international affairs and nuclear energy. Out of their meetings grew the idea that Protestantism should set up a permanent organization in the capital. Selected to head the new project was the Rev. Dr. Fred S. Buschmeyer, 58, a California-born Congregational minister who served from

1939 to 1949 as pastor of Washington's Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, has since been active in church administration. Dr. Buschmeyer currently has a staff of five working on the second floor of the mansion on Maryland Avenue once owned by Senator Hiram Johnson.

In addition to beefing up *Memo's* content and publishing it regularly each fortnight, Pastor Buschmeyer plans to see as much as possible of Congressmen and officials to answer questions and air views. Says he: "Nine-tenths of all Americans want to be good citizens. But eight-tenths don't see any connection between religious and moral convictions and economic and political convictions."

Politics of the Grave

When a Communist dies in Italy's heavily Red region of Emilia, the funeral cortege, decked out with red banners, slogan-bearing streamers and a brass band, looks like a political rally. Prohibited by law from parading across holy ground, the procession stops at the churchyard fence—but not necessarily the propaganda. Not long ago the priest of Ruina Ferrarese (pop. 800) found that at least one gravestone in the cemetery behind his tiny church was decorated not with a cross but with hammer and sickle.

Horried, he notified his bishop; equally horrified, the bishop consulted canon law and found a clause stipulating that "epitaphs . . . and tomb decorations must not contain any material offending the Catholic Church or piety." Forthwith, he ordered the godless symbols removed from the tombstone.

Like most of Emilia's mayors, the mayor of Ruina is a Communist, but he proved to be in no hurry to tangle with the church. He found a fast face-saver: an old town ordinance stipulating that all gravestones must be approved by the city council. Since the offending stone had not been approved, the mayor ordered not merely the symbols but the stone to be taken away.

As the news spread through the region, priests and mayors locked horns. "Politics cannot go beyond the tomb!" wrote a Red-strafing priest, Reggio Emilia's Don Wilson Pignatoli, in his paper, *La Libertà*. "Inquisition!" cried the party-lining Socialist paper, *Avanti!*. "It seems to us that a dying man should be able to choose for his tombstone the symbols he believed in while he lived, whether they are religious or political. What about the Star of David over tombs of Jews? And lamps which illuminate the headstones of free thinkers?"

At week's end the Communists seemed unenthused about pressing the matter. Growled one comrade: "Politics in the piazzas, religion in the churches, peace for the dead." Meanwhile, throughout Red Emilia, farmers and workers, priests and parishioners were peering through weed-grown cemeteries to see what other instances of mortuary Marxism they could find. Most notable example, in addition to



Walter Breveglieri
TOMBSTONE IN EMILIA
To leave the marks of Marx.

dozens of hammers and sickles: the well-known Italian version of the revolutionary slogan—"Push on, O people, push on to Redemption Day"—painted on a headstone in red.

For Catholic Candidates

"Any general blanket boycott of Roman Catholic candidates for public office seems unwise and unfair." So says Paul Blanshard, the lawyer-author who almost a decade ago—in his book *American Freedom and Catholic Power*—sweepingly attacked Catholic influence in the U.S. But to his plea for fairness, Blanshard added some major qualifications. Voters, he suggested (in a revision of his book to be published in March), should ask three questions of any Catholic candidate for the presidency.

¶ U.S. Catholics "boycott" public schools unless "they receive special permission from their bishop." Question: "Do you personally approve or disapprove?"

¶ Catholic bishops have denounced the Supreme Court's interpretation of the First Amendment, have argued that the Constitution actually permits the distribution of public money to parochial schools. Question: "What is your personal conviction concerning 1) your bishops' attack on the Supreme Court, 2) the payment of Government funds to parents for major parochial school costs, and 3) the payment of tax money for such 'fringe' benefits as bus transportation?"

¶ The church "denies the right of both non-Catholics and Catholics to receive birth-control information," and in some states has managed to make "prohibition of birth control legally binding." Question: "Do you personally approve or disapprove of your church's policy on this?"

Boston's diocesan Catholic paper *The Pilot* quickly came back at Blanshard: "The three questions are expressed in a manner that misrepresents authentic Catholic teaching on the subject in question. Catholics have no 'boycott' of public schools; the American Catholic hierarchy have never made an 'attack on the



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Supreme Court'; moreover, the church plainly cannot legislate for any but her own members... Paul Blanshard knows very well the proper answer to his own questions; he is not, however, looking for answers. He is instead attempting by this technique to cast a cloud of suspicion about any candidate who is a Catholic."

Tightening Screws

Hungary's short and bloody revolution against its Communist overlords in October 1956 was a chance for the churches to make a break for freedom. Pro-Red Calvinist Bishop John Peter was deposed, as was Lutheran Bishop Lajos Veto. Staunchly anti-Red Bishop Lajos Ordass was freed from house arrest, resumed his




United Press
HUNGARY'S BISHOP ORDASS
Vetoed.

post as primate of the Hungarian Lutheran Church. It was a year before the Communist regime of Janos Kadar was ready to move in again on the churches, but now the process is well under way.

Collaborationist Bishop Veto announced last week that he had replaced Bishop Ordass as Lutheran Presiding Bishop of Hungary. At the same time Bishop Veto and his fellow traveler, Calvinist Bishop Albert Bereczky, were decorated with the Banner Order of the Hungarian People's Democracy, second class, one of the highest decorations available to nonmembers of the Communist Party. (Roman Catholic Archbishop Josef Groesz received the same decoration earlier in the month.)

Applying the screws with one hand, the Communists did some back-patting with the other, deferred a scheduled 25% cut in state funds for the Calvinist Church. But inside and outside Hungary there were no doubts about what was going on. Said West Germany's Lutheran Bishop Hanns Lilje of Hannover: "There could not have been a more effective way of spreading suspicion against the Hungarian regime and its basic ideology."

 "There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction... that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed upon that plot of ground which is given to him to till."

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NEW ENGLAND

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THE MET'S 15TH CENTURY ALTARPIECE DEPICTING DONORS, ANNUNCIATION, AND ST. JOSEPH

ART

Our Lady Immigrant

With considerable pride but without great fanfare, New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art last month announced the acquisition of the famed Belgian Merode triptych, *The Annunciation*. By last week the Met's purchase of the altarpiece had become an international *cause célèbre*. Said a resolution signed by 22 of Belgium's top museum directors and art teachers: "Often in the course of its history Belgium has had to witness, powerless, the destruction or pillage of its artistic patrimony. Once more, and this time without being able to cite the accident of bombardment or the whim of an invader, our country has just been dispossessed of an inestimable treasure, of the most important work in a Belgian private collection."

The Met's director, James J. Rorimer, granted that he had, indeed, bought a treasure. "There have been few, if any, opportunities in the last 30 years to purchase a more enchanting work of art," he said, "This picture stands as one of the great landmarks of Western painting."

Painting of Mystery. The Merode triptych is one of the great mystery paintings. The painter, date and donor are all matters of conjecture, though the Met's Curator Theodore Rousseau Jr. makes a good case for attributing it to Robert Campin and dating it about 1420. In this century it has been exhibited only twice—in Bruges in 1912 and in Paris in 1923. Since then it has been kept out of sight.

The fact that it has been unavailable for study has not kept art historians from recognizing it as one of the world's masterworks, painted probably in Tournai at the moment when Western art was undergoing its metamorphosis into the style of the Renaissance. It is discussed with reverence in almost every Belgian art

course. Done in oil and brush-stroked with a miniaturist's love of detail, the altarpiece (*see cut*) heralds the trend toward realism and shows in a format only 25½-in. tall the donors (*left*), the Annunciation scene and St. Joseph in his workshop, with mousetrap on the windowsill (*right*). The artist painted window views of Tournai's streets and shops so minutely that only a magnifying glass reveals their full delight.

Best-Kept Secret. How such a world-famed masterpiece arrived at the Met is so far one of the art world's best-kept secrets. The Met has had the triptych for more than a year, hints that it has not been in Belgium since World War II, gives no hint as to the identity of the seller. Several months ago (long after the fact) Belgian authorities heard rumor of a pending sale, called on the Merode family, which had owned it for two generations, to stop the transaction. When it was pointed out that the altarpiece had been willed to the daughter of Count Guillaume d'Henricourt de Grünne, King Baudouin himself intervened in an effort to keep the work in Belgium. What no one told the King was that Countess Jeanne de Grünne, 28, had long since given up title to the famous work.

When the news was out, some Belgians promptly demanded that their government buy back the masterpiece. But with it freshly cleaned and newly installed in the Metropolitan's Cloisters, Director Rorimer was in no mood to send it back. He would not say how much he paid for the triptych (reportedly more than \$750,000), but he was obviously happy that he had on view a masterpiece that had been hidden from the public for more than three decades. Said he: "The point is to acquire fine things. This was sold to us with clear title. I think we did very well."

GLORY OF
PALLADIO

ROME, my Mistress. Vitruvius, my Master. Architecture, my Life." Such was the trinity acknowledged by Andrea Palladio (1518-80), a stonemason's son from Vicenza, Italy, who grew up to rule over a whole generation of fellow architects and to recast the classic style of Rome and Greece with such elegance and authority that his Palladian style became one of the longest-lasting and most widely accepted personal idioms in the history of architecture. In an effort to preserve Palladio's work (many of his most beautiful structures were made of common brick and perishable stucco), the Italian government late last year appropriated more than \$3,000,000. Highest priority items for the rehabilitation program are the most delightful of all Palladio's creations—the villas he designed along the Brenta Canal and in the gently undulating plain of the Veneto region.

Rome Domesticated. Palladio was a master at building churches, convents and palaces. At 31 he walked off with a competition to reface the great medieval Basilica at Vicenza. His improvised solution—a two-story arcade made up of Doric and Ionic columns that frame intervening arches supported by free-standing columns—was so brilliantly successful that it has since been copied the length and breadth of Europe. A decade later he was the architect Venice turned to for the plans of San Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most beautiful, classically ordered churches in the city. But it was the country villas, built for a merchant aristocracy that had recently discovered the bucolic



LA MALCONTENTA, summer villa on Italian mainland near Venice, was built about 1560. Andrea Palladio modeled it on classic temples with clean-cut lines of serene beauty.

VILLA PIOVENE at Lonedo, Italy has entrance gate designed by Palladio around 1570. Baroque sculptures of classic figures by Orazio Marinali were added century later.





LA ROTONDA, Palladian villa outside Vicenza, was pilgrimage stop for English architects in 17th

century. Visited by Thomas Jefferson in the 18th century, it influenced his design for Monticello.

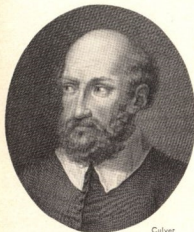
VILLA EMO, at Veduggio, was built in 1565, and is still in possession of Counts EMO Capodilista. Approach from

lawn to main entrance is up 100-ft.-wide flight of steps. Inside, villa has rich decoration by Giambattista Zelotti.



life, that impressed succeeding generations.

Designing them in masterful, detailed drawings, or working out the relations of masses with building blocks, Palladio took the massive, awe-inspiring design of classic Rome, domesticated it in terms of an intimate yet princely style. To oversee the construction of his villas (as many as four going up at the same time), Palladio floated leisurely up and down the Brenta on a splendid, gilded barge, equipped with a studio for his ten to twelve apprentices, shaded by a yellow-and-black linen awning. The villas that resulted won in later years the admiration of English Architects Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren and Lord Burlington, as well as American Thomas Jefferson, who used Palladio designs as prototypes for his own



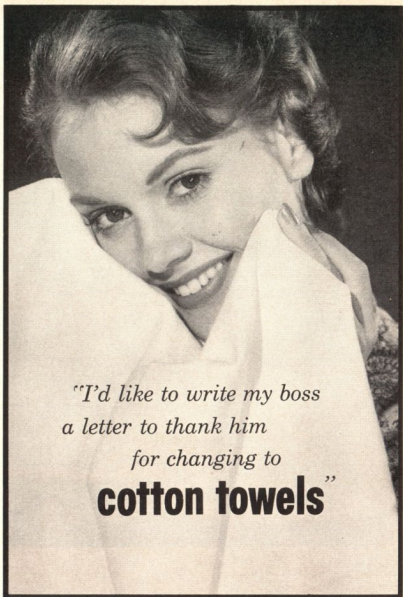
Culver

ARCHITECT PALLADIO
Beneath the dome, bucolic bliss.

Monticello and his master plan for the University of Virginia.

Wine-Soaked Roof. Although used for endless entertaining, Palladio's villas were meant for what that luxurious age considered casual living. Wide windows and huge doors opened on fine river views and prospects, tempting water gardens and statuary-decked lawns. Linking the central, porticoed mass to grounds were long colonnades on either side—a device which, whether repeated in Ireland, England or Virginia, appears to set the building harmoniously in the landscape.

For an age when men dressed in magnificent velvets, worked in satin, and liked their ladies in sheer tissues from Constantinople, country villas were richly decorated with murals by such painters as Veronese and ennobled with sculpture. For La Rotonda (*opposite*) built near Vicenza, the roof tiles were soaked in the dregs of winevats to give them a special and pleasing purple-red richness. Wrote the Vatican official who ordered Palladio to build La Rotonda, contemplating what he considered a quiet, simple life there: "I tire of Improvement and Culture. Now Middle Life approaches . . . I shall return to Vicenza to Meditate and administer my Roses."



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for changing to
cotton towels"*

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On these three men depends America's conquest of Outer Space

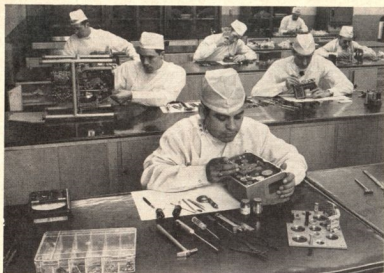
Very soon now an American is going to ride a rocket ship to the edge of space—and back.

The success of this first flight—and of the others that will follow—depends on the teamwork of the men who build the rocket ship, the men who become its ground-support technicians, and the men who form its air crew. For only the closest coordination of America's industrial, technical, and military skills can achieve the conquest of space.

The X-15: Space Ship No. 1

The craft that is being readied for this first flight into space is the X-15, a rocket-powered research plane for the Air Force, Navy, and National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. So advanced in design it might be called a manned missile, it's the forerunner of the craft that will cruise through Outer Space.

The assignment to design, build, and test the X-15 is being carried out by North American.



Reliability Room. Automatic control systems for America's manned and unmanned weapon systems must do their critical tasks with unfailing reliability. Even a tiny fleck of dust might impair their vital accuracy. That is why Autonetics assembles its control systems with surgical precision in this dust-free room.

Planes, brains and rockets

North American's key role in this great drive to put man into space is the result of its capabilities in the new technologies that make such a flight possible.

In supersonic aircraft, North American has had more experience than all other companies combined. In automatic controls—the electronic “brains” that will guide and navigate the X-15—its Autonetics Division has pioneered some of the most significant advances in recent years. Its Missile Development Division—pioneer of America's missile technology—is at work on an advanced air-to-ground (or space-to-earth) missile for the Air Force. And, in rocket propulsion, NAA's Rocketdyne Division is already delivering the great engines for America's major missiles—Atlas and Thor for the Air Force... Jupiter and Redstone for the Army.

After the breakthrough

These divisions of North American are making many important scientific breakthroughs in this race to space. But even more important is the ability North American has demonstrated, time and again, to turn today's experimental flights into tomorrow's standard weapon system

—swiftly, surely, and at lowest possible cost. For every breakthrough is only a new beginning; it's the *followthrough* that gets the results.

Ground support for space

One of the Armed Services' most difficult problems in the Space Age will be the increasing workload on their expensively trained technical manpower. That is why North American is designing a new kind of simplified maintenance into all airplanes, components, and automatic control systems.

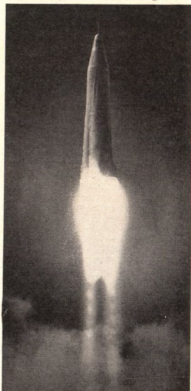
This program will pay off in three ways: more efficient use of special skills; more complete utilization of weapons; more defense for the taxpayer's dollar.

In the arts of peace, NAA's Atomics International Division has developed two nuclear reactors that show great promise as practical sources of electric power.

Today in North American Aviation and its divisions, you'll find as potent a combination of scientists, engineers, and production men as any in American industry. Because these men are constantly forging ahead into vital new technologies, much of their work holds great promise for science and industry.



Destination: Outer Space. A man will soon look out on space from cockpit of the X-15, rocket-powered research plane now being readied for its flight test.



Rocket Power. NAA's Rocketdyne Division builds rocket engines with thrust to drive Air Force's Atlas missile—or to launch an earth-circling satellite.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.

SERVING THE NATION'S INTEREST FIRST—THROUGH THESE DIVISIONS:



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Good Start

The stock market entered 1958 in an upbeat mood. After months of slow decline, a record 5,073,730 shares changed hands on the last trading day of 1957. Despite the flood of shares offered by traders to establish tax losses, the Dow-Jones Industrial Average rose 3.91 points. Thereafter, with the selling pressure off, the index bounded another 8.87 points in the first two trading days of 1958, ended at 444.56, well above the low of 419.79 set two months ago.

The upturn was in the face of discouraging news. Freight carloadings for the Christmas week were down to 410,022, the lowest for that week since 1932. New applications for unemployment compensation for the week ending Dec. 28 rose to 550,995, the highest in any week since unemployment insurance began in 1938. The Commerce Department disclosed that manufacturers' sales (seasonally adjusted) dropped 2% in November. And for the second month in a row, manufacturers continued to liquidate inventories, by an amount greater than in any other month since the 1954 recession.

The bad news had its compensations. The increase in unemployment compensation was big partly because 7,000,000 more workers now have the protection of jobless pay than in the 1954 recession. Likewise, inventory liquidation will allow a swifter increase in production later.

But there was positive good news, too, to encourage the market. Department-store sales were still running at a record pace. Higher military spending and



FHA's MASON
Less cash, more carry.

more rapid contract-letting promised to spur defense industries, while relaxed credit requirements for FHA home buyers (see Housing) promised to give the housing industry, already on the upgrade, another boost.

Surveying all the plus factors, Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks said that the business outlook is "far better than nail-biting pessimists think. The shower isn't over, but the sun shows signs of breaking through the clouds."

HOUSING

Toward Better Houses

Out from Federal Housing Administration headquarters in Washington went a new directive to spur housing by drastically revising credit policies for buyers of houses with FHA-insured mortgages. The new policies are expected to double the number of potential purchasers of houses costing \$15,000, while trebling the market for \$20,000 homes. Said George Good-year, president of the National Association of Home Builders: "This is good news for every builder. It removes one of the worst obstacles we have had to face."

In the past, local FHA offices normally considered that a prospective home buyer could afford to spend only about \$1,000 a year plus a tenth of his after-taxes income above \$3,000 on housing. Now FHA offices will approve credit applications in which \$1,000 plus a fifth of income above \$3,000 is budgeted for the mortgage, utilities and upkeep. Under the old standards, a buyer with an after-taxes income of \$5,000 could not expect to qualify for an FHA-insured house costing more than \$10,000 unless he had more than the minimum required down payment. Now such a prospective buyer can qualify for a \$12,000 house.

Moreover, the relaxation extends up the income line—a \$7,000-a-year man was limited to a \$12,000 house, is now eligible for a \$16,500 house; a \$9,000-a-year man was confined to a \$14,400 house, can now buy a \$21,600 house. Furthermore, a wife's income, which was usually not taken into account, is now likely to be counted if she has a steady job.

TIME CLOCK

HIGH DIVIDENDS are in sight for 1958, will probably match last year's record, predicts Standard & Poor's. For the year, it expects a "moderate" drop in after-tax profits from the \$20.5 billion estimated for 1957. But S. & P. also figures that many U.S. companies will now be able to give a bigger share of their profits to stockholders because they will have less inventory and expansion costs.

STRIPPED-DOWN MERCURY, to be named the Medalist, will be brought out by Ford Motor Co. this month to buck increasing sales competition from fancier models of the low-priced three. Suggested list prices: \$2,324 for two-door sedan, \$2,390 for four-door—about \$100 cheaper than lowest-priced Mercury models now on sale, and less than Ford Fairlane.

MERGER-BUSTING POLICY will be pushed by FTC to stop what it considers to be growing concentration in some industries. As a start, FTC ordered Crown Zellerbach, No. 2 U.S. papermaker (after International Paper), to sell St. Helens Pulp & Paper Co., which it bought in 1953. This was

first time FTC invoked amendment to Clayton Antitrust Act that forbids merger which may create monopoly in just a single line of commerce. (The "line" in this case is the coarse-paper market in eleven Western states.) Crown Zellerbach will appeal to courts.

LEADING CONTENDER for \$500 million supersonic fighter contract for 300 jets for West German air force is Lockheed's needle-nosed F-104 Starfighter, with Grumman's swept-wing Tiger and France's delta-wing Dassault Mirage close behind. Germans turned down Britain's experimental Saunders-Roe 177.

TRAIN PASSENGERS in the East will start paying 5% more for tickets forthwith. ICC granted boosts to eleven Eastern roads (including the Pennsylvania and New York Central), raised coach fares from 3.7¢ per mile to 3.9¢ (v. airlines' 5.3¢ per mile on U.S. flights).

STEEPER AIR FARES are almost assured for 1958. CAB's problem is when and how to grant raise without

raising ire of Congressmen who opposed boost. Majority of board is convinced that present rate scale, little changed in ten years, cannot support lines in jet age.

LIFE INSURANCE sales will top \$70 billion in 1958, beating last year's record \$66 billion. Institute of Life Insurance figures that U.S. companies will have at least \$500 billion in life policies on their books by year's end. Average U.S. family now has \$8,300 worth of life coverage.

BILLION-DOLLAR CLUB will be joined by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. (Camel, Winston, Salem), 43rd U.S. company to enter. Reynolds' sales in 1957 topped \$1 billion for first time, due largely to Winston. But Reynolds is still trailing the \$1.1 billion American Tobacco Co. (Lucky Strike, Pall Mall, Hit Parade).

NEW HELICOPTER RECORD for altitude was set by Cessna YH-41 whirlybird, piloted by U.S. Army flyer to altitude of 30,335 ft., topped previous mark of 26,391 ft. established in 1955 by French SE Alouette.

Better Houses. Will the new credit rules encourage buyers to get in over their heads? Builders say no, that the new standards simply mark a return to the income requirements before World War II. Builders have long agitated for the change. Last March HOUSE & HOME ran an editorial calling FHA's income requirements "unreasonable and arbitrary," pointed out that FHA was encouraging consumers to buy inferior houses. As a result, FHA Commissioner Norman Mason appointed an industry advisory committee, whose recommendations led to the new standards.

In easing up on income requirements, Mason gave a bright green light to builders to pack more quality into houses. The new directive specifically instructs FHA local offices that "no otherwise acceptable" credit application for a house costing more than \$12,000 is to be turned down because the builder spent "a few hundred dollars" putting in better wiring, insulation or wide roof overhangs. Such quality items, said Mason, actually cut down on house maintenance costs. Likewise, complete kitchens were okayed for houses over \$12,000. Where builders in the past had to leave out appliances because they ran the initial cost too high, buyers went right out and bought them on short-term credit at higher interest. Selling the house complete, said Mason, really makes the buyer a better credit risk.

Air Conditioning. But the biggest equipment change will be in air conditioning. In the past, FHA offices frequently demanded that home buyers have an extra \$1,000 of annual income if a house had summer cooling. But builders say it takes no more income to maintain a house with combined winter heating and summer cooling than one with a furnace only. The extra operating expense in summer is offset by savings in cleaning, health and equipment upkeep. Henceforth, Mason ordered, anticipated operating expense of summer cooling should not disqualify buyers of houses costing \$15,000 or more. In fact, "FHA should start encouraging the inclusion of air conditioning. Within a few years, any house that is not air conditioned will probably be obsolescent."

REAL ESTATE

20th Century City

To the troubled movie business, 20th Century-Fox last week had good news to report. Ten-month earnings in 1957 rose to \$2.44 a share v. \$1.83 for the same period of 1956.

President Spyros Skouras also announced a plan that he hopes will make a big chunk of money for Fox in the future. Fox plans to convert a large part of its wide-open, 284-acre West Los Angeles production lot into a "Century City" with more than a score of skyscrapers and apartment towers. The project would eventually cost \$300 million, bring a net income of as much as \$36 million a year.

Cowboys & Oil. Fox intends either to build up the whole area through its Fox Realty Corp. or to develop 25% of it



MODEL OF FOX'S LOS ANGELES
Building to back up the box office.

and sell off the rest to another developer for a capital gain. The moviemaker, which has still to raise the cash for the project, has started to dicker with at least five "interested" insurance companies, and one is considering putting up \$50 million. Fox's lot—half of which it bought from oldtime Film Cowboys Tom Mix and Buck Jones, who used it to stable their horses—is the largest piece of underdeveloped real estate in a city that is rapidly running out of space. Quietly for the past year, Fox has been drawing up plans to exploit the plot. Architect Welton Becket's models call for Fox to shrink its moviemaking operations into 79 acres on the southwest part of the property, build a \$15 million structure to house all its offices and indoor stages. (For outdoor shooting, Fox has a 2,300-acre ranch, 25 miles away in the Malibu district.) Fox will continue to let Universal Consolidated Oil Co., which is pumping crude from underground stations that cannot be seen at street level, and which has paid more than \$500,000

in royalties to Fox since the lot's first deep well was brought in late in 1955, drill for oil.

Reaching for the Skies. Within a year, on the east side of the property, Fox expects to break ground for the first of 18 apartment towers of 20 stories each, another 20 apartments of six or seven stories each and 21 garden apartments. The complex is to have 40 swimming pools, twelve tennis courts and almost three parking spaces per apartment. Rentals: \$75 to \$110 per room a month, with some large apartments (five bedrooms, two servants' rooms) running to \$1,700 a month.

On the north side of the property, along bustling Santa Monica Boulevard, will rise seven air-conditioned office buildings (including one of 30 stories—far taller than anything now standing in Los Angeles—and three of 22 stories). Near them will spring up an 18-story, 1,000-room hotel, a six-story motion-picture arts center with adjoining 4,000-seat auditorium, a series of shops and department stores. Cutting a swath through the whole development will be a 175-ft.-wide concourse almost a mile long, with a centerway of statuary, fountains and subtropical plants.

WALL STREET

S. for B.

On its 124 offices from Rome to San Francisco, the world's biggest brokerage house will change its name—which is really a household word—on March 1 from Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane to Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. The switch was caused by the resignation of General Partner Alpheus Crosby (Alphie) Beane, 47, but it is really a long-needed tribute to the firm's chief executive, Directing Partner Winthrop Hiram Smith, 64.

Smith has been Merrill Lynch's operating boss for more than a decade, directing a huge supermarket of finance that now handles 12% of the New York Stock Exchange's public round-lot volume and 20% of its odd-lot trading, and has serviced 450,000 investor-clients in the past three months alone. A shrewd New Eng-



ALFRED ELIENSTOEDT—LIFE
M.L.P.F. & S.'S SMITH
To work in a four-man pool.

PENSION FUNDS

Regulations Needed to Guard Them

FOR U.S. industry—and labor—a big new problem is the sudden wealth of unions. Since 1949, labor's net worth has quadrupled to \$12 billion, and dues alone from nearly 18 million members are adding \$592 million a year. Unions are now rich enough to own banks and insurance companies, finance housing and put millions in bonds and common stocks. The bulk of their worth is in welfare and pension funds. They now cover 75 million Americans and total about \$51 billion. But management controls 90% of the funds, which are growing by \$7 billion a year, mainly through \$5 billion contributed by employers. Only \$8.6 billion is in funds jointly run by union-management boards or by unions alone. Nevertheless, as a result of embezzlement and mismanagement in union-dominated or jointly run funds, the question has been raised whether all the funds should be policed by the U.S. Government.

Skulduggery in the funds is nothing new. As far back as 1954, a Senate investigation of 20 jointly run welfare plans revealed "shocking abuses, such as embezzlement, collusion, kickbacks, exorbitant insurance charges and various other forms of malfeasance." The committee later showed that thievery was not the only problem. "Countless millions," said the committee, had been lost in union or jointly operated funds by "mismanagement, lack of knowledge, waste, extravagance, nepotism, a lack of criteria for sound operation." They cited not only neglect of actuarial and investment principles in setting up welfare plans, but also "an almost complete lack of routine accounting to the beneficiaries." They also criticized plans that invested as much as 100% of union welfare and pension funds in the stock of a company with which the union bargained.

Both labor and management have belatedly recognized that all funds have to be run a lot better. As a result of scandals in the funds of some affiliates, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. issued a new code of fund ethics, invoked it last month to oust the teamsters' (TIME, Dec. 16), bakery and laundry workers' unions. In addition, the million-member International Association of Machinists two years ago joined U.S. Industries, Inc. in organizing the Foundation on Employee Health, Medical Care and Welfare Inc. because, says Machinists' President A. J. Hayes, "infinitely more money is being wasted in welfare and pension programs than is being stolen." The foundation has already shown that a welfare fund can

save thousands of dollars simply by smarter management, e.g., competitive bidding on health-insurance contracts. Corporations have also been at fault. Vice President Frank B. Cliffe, of H. J. Heinz Co. and pension expert for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, lays heavy blame for abuses in jointly run welfare plans on neglect by management, which "thought its obligations ended with the payment of its contributions."

Losses cannot be cut by self-policing alone. One reason is that virtually no laws apply to the control of welfare and pension funds. To fill the gap, Democratic Senator Paul H. Douglas introduced a bill to police the funds that has wide bipartisan support. The bill calls for registration with the Labor Department of every welfare and pension plan in the U.S., requires full disclosure of fund finances in some 250,000 annual reports, provides criminal penalties for failure to do so. It is solidly backed by the Administration. Says Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell: "These private plans are so important for the security of Americans that their operations have become a matter of public concern."

Nevertheless, the bill is hotly opposed by many businessmen. The National Association of Manufacturers notes that scandals have centered in labor and jointly controlled welfare funds, insists that trusted company pension plans should be left alone. The American Bankers Association feels that federal regulation of all pension plans is unnecessary interference with the bankers who have run them for years with few complaints. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce argues that full disclosure of pension investments could unbalance the stock market, that prices would gyrate as the public followed the big funds' buying and selling.

The Administration, along with many fund experts, disagrees. Many experts feel that the field is far too big to leave uncontrolled (only six states have amended their insurance laws to cover the funds), and that worries about the disclosure of fund investments on the stock market have little foundation. Mutual funds, with some \$10.5 billion in stocks and bonds, are required to publish their investments at least twice a year, and there has been no visible damage to the market. So far, the Administration has potent support from A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, who is in favor of full disclosure of the finances of funds, including those run by management as well as by unions.

lander from South Hadley Falls, Mass., he attended Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., went from Amherst ('16) to a \$7-a-week runner's job in the fledgling Merrill Lynch Co. with a burning conviction that the brokerage business had a tremendous future.

On the Tractor. He soon caught the fancy of Co-Founder Charles E. Merrill, himself an Amherst man, and rose fast from salesman to bond department manager to sales manager. Carrying out Charlie Merrill's expansion policies, Win Smith in 1940 initiated and was a chief negotiator in the merger with E. A. Pierce & Co., was made managing partner of the joint firm. A year later he helped bring Fenner & Beane into the combine. From 1944 onward, Smith really ran the company for ailing Directing Partner Merrill. When Merrill died* (TIME, Oct. 15, 1956), Smith took his title.

After 41 years on Wall Street, wealthy Win Smith (his partner's cut of the profits in 1956 was more than \$150,000) is still a calm, friendly, unpretentious man. Each weekday he travels from his Manhattan apartment on East 72nd Street to his Wall Street office in a four-man car pool. He stays at his desk seven to ten hours a day, takes work home two or three nights a week. He relaxes on weekends at his 118-acre Connecticut farm near Litchfield by driving a tractor or romping with his seven-year-old son (a son by his first marriage is an Episcopal minister teaching at Yale Divinity School).

Good Year Ahead. Last week, vacationing at his small, four-room, co-op apartment at Delray Beach, Fla., Smith said he will now relinquish most of his everyday managing duties, concentrate more on long-range planning and policy-making. Cheered by the stock market's quick snapback and high volume of trading last week (see *State of Business*), the top man in Wall Street's top brokerage house saw a good year ahead for M.L.L.P. & S. Said he: "Company after company is going to need more money to expand, and they will have to come to Wall Street to get it."

MODERN LIVING

Eight Days to Win

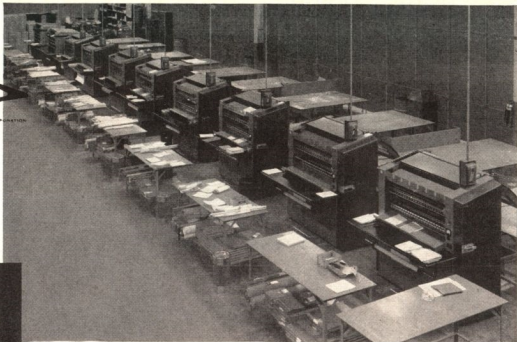
Cheating by the house had never been necessary in any of Las Vegas' plush gambling hotels because, so went the belief, the odds were so calculated that the house could not lose. But lately, some strange happenings have struck at both the moral and economic base of gambling in Las Vegas.

The Royal Nevada Hotel spent so much more on upkeep and entertainment to lure suckers than it made on gambling that it ran heavily into the red. On top of that, the Nevada Gaming Control Board last month accused the Royal Nevada of

* Merrill Lynch Co. Co-Founder Edmund C. Lynch died in 1938; Partners Edward A. Pierce, 82, and Charles Erasmus Fenner, 82, are still in the firm.

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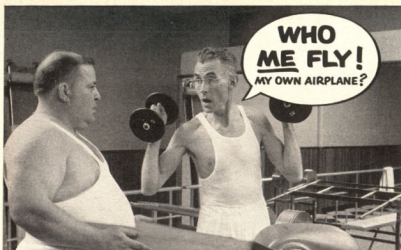
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cheating—the first such charge against a major casino in the state's history. The board charged that a twenty-one dealer in the hotel casino had peeked at cards before dealing them, asked the State Tax Commission to suspend the hotel's gambling license. For Hotel President T. W. Richardson, it was the last straw. Short of cash and long on suspicious customers, he closed the casino while the commission pondered.

This was a blow to the hotel's creditors, mostly local businessmen. They appealed to the State Tax Commission to show the proper Las Vegas spirit and give the hotel one more chance to get even. From the sympathetic commission came approval of



Ken Jones

CUSTOMERS AT ROYAL NEVADA HOTEL
Just one more for the house.

an unprecedented experiment: an eight-day trial to see if the Royal Nevada could separate enough cash from Christmas season gamblers by the end of the year to pay its bills.

To bankroll the Royal Nevada again, Richardson got \$150,000 from Joe W. Brown, oil-rich Texan owner of the local Horseshoe Club, and the hotel started gambling. As 1958 rolled in, Manager Maurice Friedman happily said that cash flowing across the tables had reached \$211,711.35. As for precise winnings, Friedman was Vegas-vague, but Bankroller Brown had his money back, and the creditors were satisfied enough not to foreclose.

Less happy was the Gaming Control Board. Although the Royal Nevada was licensed to gamble only until the last minute of 1957, it was still gambling last week, had not yet paid \$30,000 for a new license. The board will push the original cheat charge, ask the Tax Commission to suspend the Royal Nevada for good.



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FASHION

Comeback

The postwar prosperity is the U.S. fur business. In 1946 furriers had nearly \$500 million in retail sales. But success attracted thousands of fly-by-nighters who tricked out rabbit, skunk and black Manchurian dog under such misleading names as Arctic seal, Alaska sable and Belgium lynx. As burned buyers learned to fear the fur, the trend to suburban living—with its more casual dress—trimmed the market more. Women also became choosier. Many passed up muskrat, squirrel, and other less expensive furs for good cloth coats—or waited until they could afford mink. By 1953 fur sales were scraping bottom at \$250 million.

Last week furriers were in the midst of their January sale season and feeling decidedly hopeful. From \$290 million in 1956, retail sales climbed back to \$315 million in 1957, and many furriers think the market will keep improving. One big reason for the comeback is that women are not so suspicious as they were, thanks in large part to a 1952 federal law requiring truthful labeling. Said Harvey Hannah, chief of the wool and fur division of the Federal Trade Commission: "The act has done a lot to instill consumer confidence. There was a time when a lot of people would not go near a furrier for fear of being deceived. There used to be 96 different names for rabbit. Now it has to be called rabbit—and not many make or buy it." To complete the process of shaking the rascals out, Congress last year added \$50,000 of the FTC's enforcement budget to keep tabs on the industry.

Trimings Everywhere. On its own, the industry is making a big effort to promote its products. On the theory that the more fur that is seen, the more will be bought, the industry is encouraging the

wide use of fur on things other than coats. There are mink-trimmed golf tees (three for \$1), a \$2,045 sofa bed with pillows upholstered in mink, mink-covered highball coasters (for hostesses who wish to be "dripping in mink"), and even a telephone slip cover of mink.*

But the major trend is back to fur collars on coats and suits, long out of style. A miss who is so minded can even breakfast in a fur-trimmed housecoat, go out for cocktails in a fur-banded sheath, slip into a fur-topped evening dress, and the last thing at night clean her teeth with a fur-trimmed toothbrush and climb into her fur-trimmed pajamas. Furriers also are busily promoting complete fur costumes. Notable this season: a black Russian broadtail skirt and matching jacket worn by Zsa Zsa Gabor and a broadtail curve-hugging evening dress with a swallowtail train worn by Marlene Dietrich, both designed by Maximilian. Other creations: a \$15,000 sable-lined raincoat, a \$65,000 sable greatcoat, and a \$5,000 Fredrica-designed strapless mink sheath.

Mink Unlimited. Since many furriers think women buy their wares as much as a symbol of status as to keep warm, the search for new symbols continues. Coming up fast but still only 1% of the fur market is high-priced (\$27,000 for a full-length cape) chinchilla, whose sales have increased sevenfold in four years. Another novelty with a lower price tag: bleached beaver and otter in such new shades as oyster white and honey beige. But the bulk of the fur trade (66% in dollar volume) is still mink. With fur workers earning an average of \$3 an hour, many manufacturers find that it hardly pays to put labor on other furs. Says Fred Nadelman, senior member of Stone

& Stone, a top mink manufacturer: "The mink business is not the fur business. While other furs have been neglected, we have had no serious trouble selling our products. The pent-up, potential demand for mink is almost limitless."

GOVERNMENT

Go-Ahead for El Paso

For nearly two months, gas pipeline rate increases have been held up because of an appellate court decision in a case involving the city of Memphis and the United Gas Pipe Line Co. of Shreveport, La. (TIME, Dec. 23). Last week FPC decided to grant boosts despite the ruling that pipelines may not raise their rates unless their customers agree, a decision that cast doubts on the legality of \$200 million in recent increases. FPC now authorized the El Paso Natural Gas Co. to put into effect a \$16.5 million rate increase, provided that it posts a bond for that amount in case the increase is later invalidated. Not to have allowed El Paso to go ahead, said FPC Chairman Jerome K. Kuykendall, would have brought on a "mass of litigation clearly not in the public interest."

Before 500 securities analysts in New York, Chairman Kuykendall tried to reassure the pipeline industry. He pointed out that the Memphis decision has been appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court by FPC and that there is plenty of time for the industry to go to Congress for corrective legislation, or to revise their procedures to get around the court's objections.

The present uncertainty in the industry may well turn out to be a blessing in disguise, said Kuykendall, if it brings about some sense in controversies over higher rates. Some people in the gas industry itself and some politicians, said Kuykendall, have habitually oversimplified rate cases. On the theory that any rate in-

* Manhattan Florist Max Schling sells Ferti-Mink, a fertilizer made from mink manure, for penthouse plants.

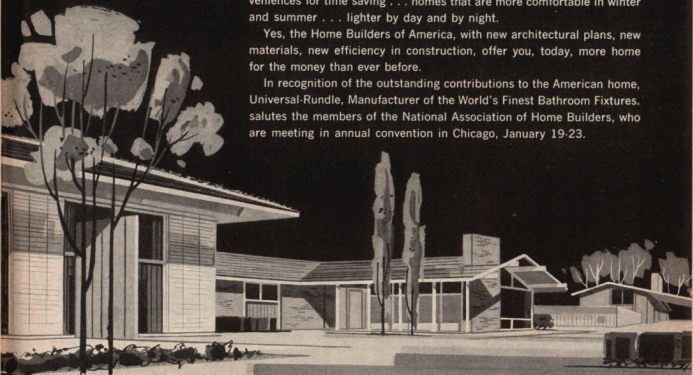
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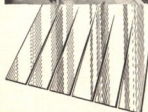
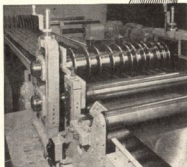
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crease is inherently evil, they have acted as if the only issue involved is "whom are you for—the consumer or the industry?" Now, said Kuykendall, "the Memphis decision is forcing such persons to face reality and to admit that, after all, a pipeline company must remain solvent if it is to render service."

Opening the Throttle

The Defense Department, which has been speeding up on the letting of contracts, last week opened the throttle wider. Among the awards:

¶ The Navy signed a \$100 million contract to procure the F8U-3, an advanced all-weather jet fighter, from Chance Vought Aircraft Co., Dallas.

¶ The Army signed a \$51.8 million contract with Chrysler Corp., Detroit, covering \$21.8 million in continuing procurement of the 200-mile-range Redstone missiles and \$30 million for finishing the tooling up and ground support for the longer-range (1,500-mile) Jupiter missile.

¶ The Atomic Energy Commission extended through September 1960 its 1953 contract with United Aircraft Corp. to work on nuclear reactors suitable for aircraft propulsion.

Washington's new attitude on contract-letting represented a decided turnabout from spending in the early part of this fiscal year. When the Administration set a Defense Department budget of \$38 billion for fiscal 1958, the Pentagon was already running far above its spending ceiling, and the Budget Bureau held down defense authorization for new contracts for the first four months of the fiscal year to only \$8.4 billion. Then, reassured that the Pentagon's spending rate was under control, the bureau relaxed, released another \$10 billion in January and December. Contracts for the rest of the fiscal year should average well above those of the first half.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Richard Herrick, 26, first human to receive a successfully transplanted kidney (from his identical twin Ronald—*TIME*, Jan. 3, 1955), and Clara Burta Herrick, 27, a nurse who attended him at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital: a daughter, their first child; in Worcester, Mass. Name: Marjorie Helen. Weight: 8 lbs. 8 oz.

Married. Richard Adler, 34, Broadway tunesmith, co-author (with the late Jerry Ross) of music and lyrics for the hit shows, *The Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees*; and British Actress Sally Ann Howes, 27, who next month succeeds Julie Andrews as Eliza in *My Fair Lady*; both for the second time; in Arlington, Va.

Married. Helmut Dantine, 39, Austrian-born cinemactor (*War and Peace*); and Nicola Mae Schenck, 24, daughter of Cinemagrate (Loews, Inc.) Nicholas M. Schenck; he for the second time, she for the first; in Port Washington, N.Y.

Married. Kwame Nkrumah, 48, U.S.-educated Prime Minister of Ghana, perennial bachelor ("Every woman in the Gold Coast is my bride"); who kept his vow to remain unmarried until his country achieved independence; and Fathia Halim Ritzk, about 26, a Cairo university graduate; in Accra, Ghana.

Died. Dr. Douglas McGlashan Kelley, 45, dynamic, imaginative professor of criminology at the University of California, chief psychiatrist during the Nazi war crimes trial; by his own hand (a dose of potassium cyanide); in Berkeley, Calif. Psychiatrist Kelley (then a U.S. Army lieutenant colonel) interviewed the 22 top-ranking Nazis before the trial, authored (in 1947) a controversial study of his findings (22 *Cells in Nuremberg*).

Died. Howard Rushmore, 45, sometime (1936-39) film critic for the Communist *Daily Worker*, longtime (1939-54) Red-hunting reporter for the New York *Journal-American*, ex-editor of scandal-pandering *Confidential*; by his own hand (pistol), after killing his estranged second wife Frances, 37, in a Manhattan taxi. Big (6 ft. 4 in.), brooding Reporter Rushmore, "Tenth Generation American," joined the Communist Party in 1933, quit after the *Worker* rejected his off-the-line review of *Gone With the Wind*, soon became a nationally bylined Hearst exposé specialist. A special investigator for the late Senator McCarthy, Rushmore testified before House committees as an "expert witness" on Communism, earned the Wisconsin Senator's praise as "one of our outstanding Americans at this time." After a much-publicized feud with Lawyer Roy Cohn, Pandit George Sokolsky and other pro-Joes, Rushmore was fired by the Hearst press "for economy reasons," signed on with *Confidential*, resigned as editor before testifying against *Confiden-*

tial in the Hollywood libel trials (*TIME*, Aug. 26), before his death was debt-haunted, hopefully trying for an assignment from the *Police Gazette*.

Died. Air Chief Marshal (ret.) Sir John Nelson Boothman, 56, winner of the last Schneider Trophy air race (in 1931) by flying at 340.08 m.p.h. (then a record speed) in a Supermarine S6B, director during World War II of photo-reconnaissance for the RAF Coastal Command; in Stanmore, England.

Died. Edward Weston, 71, painstaking camera craftsman, one of the world's top-flight creative photographers; of Parkinson's disease; in Carmel Highlands, Calif. At 37, Weston abandoned his Los Angeles portrait studio, moved to Mexico where he worked with Painters Diego Rivera and José Orozco, in 1926 returned to California, began a series of precise, sharply composed nature studies that made him famous, won (in 1937) the first Guggenheim fellowship ever given to a photographer. Weston used little equipment, almost never retouched or cropped his clear, spare negatives, cautiously refused until 1947 to use color film, but when he did (*LIFE*, Nov. 25, 1957) produced some of the finest pictures of his career.

Died. John Anderson, 75, 1st Viscount Waverley of Westdean, stiff-necked first Home Secretary in Winston Churchill's wartime Cabinet, after whom Britons named their tiny, corrugated-iron, backyard air-raid shelters ("Anderson Shelters"), later (1943-45) Chancellor of the Exchequer, who represented Britain at the 1944 Bretton Woods monetary conference; of bronchial pneumonia; in London.

Died. Walter Carey Lindley, 77, crusty, scholarly federal judge (for 36 years), since 1949 a member of the Seventh U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals; in Danville, Ill. Appointed a district judge in 1922, Republican Lindley in 1939 imposed \$20,000 in fines and court costs of more than half a million on General Motors and three subsidiaries for antitrust violations, seven years later found the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. and subsidiaries guilty of conspiring to monopolize part of the nation's food business.

Died. Dr. Sao-ke Alfred Sze, 80, Cornell-educated Chinese diplomat, twice (1921-29, 1933-37) China's chief envoy to the U.S., in 1945 senior adviser to the Chinese delegation at the San Francisco United Nations conference; in Washington.

Died. Sir Alliott Verdon Roe, 80, British aviation pioneer who made his first flight (in a plane of his own design) in 1908, founded A. V. Roe & Co., Ltd., built the famed Avro bombers of World War I, later became president of Saunders-Roe, Ltd., maker of Saro Flying Boats and helicopters; in Portsmouth, England.

How freedom from every kind of income tax boosts your net profit in Puerto Rico

How corporate tax exemption would boost your profits

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If your income after U. S. Individual Income Tax is:	Your net income in Puerto Rico would be:
\$ 7,775	\$ 10,000
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*Dividends are tax-free only if paid to residents of Puerto Rico by a tax-exempt corporation.
Examples are based on Federal rates (Jan. 1, 1956) for single persons.

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LOOK at the impressive figures in the table above. You may well wonder how they come about. Here are the facts:

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CINEMA

The Best & Biggest

After conscientiously mulling over 1957's output of movies, the New York Film Critics and the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures—the weightiest U.S. cinematic arbiters—announced their "best" choices, found themselves agreeing more than usual. Both groups marked *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (Sam Spiegel; Columbia) as the year's finest U.S.-produced film, *Bridge's* Alec Guinness and David Lean as best actor and director. Other decisions were split. Best actress: Deborah Kerr in *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* (Critics), Joanne Woodward in *The Three Faces of Eve* (Board). Best foreign movie: *Gervaise* (Critics), *Ordet* (Board).

Proving, as usual, that quality does not necessarily jingle cash registers, *Motion Picture Herald* posted the results of its poll of some 10,000 U.S. and Canadian theater owners. Their selection of the top ten box-office pullers featured male dreamboats of all ages, indicated that teen-agers are calling the moviegoing public's tune, with nary a cinemactress in the top ten for the first time since the *Herald* started its balloting 26 years ago. Scratched in the past year: Marilyn Monroe and Kim Novak. The new all-male marquee names hailed as dollar signs by exhibitors: 1) Pat Boone, 2) Elvis Presley, 3) Frank Sinatra, 4) Gary Cooper, 5) William Holden, 6) James Stewart, 7) Jerry Lewis, 8) Yul Brynner.

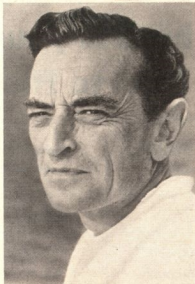
The New Pictures

All at Sea (Ealing-Balcon; M-G-M) serves up Alec Guinness in seven roles (one less than he managed in *Kid Hearts and Coronets*), at one point lets him simmer while he peers haughtily from a cannibal's *pot-au-feu*. If some scheme could have been found for him to play all the parts, instead of just seven, the film might have been a comic masterpiece; as things are, it is only fitfully funny. Guinness is loftily adulated as a Royal Navy captain whose stomach is so queasy that he tosses his tiffin whenever he sights open water, even in a fish bowl. And he mugs masterfully while playing the ghosts of six of his own nautical ancestors.

But the farce is too rubber-legged to stand without constant support, and Guinness is kept much too busy propping it up with grimaces and double takes.

The Enemy Below (20th Century-Fox) is the best game of poker a man could ever hope to kibitz. The table is the wide green South Atlantic—and the game is played under as well as on the table. Lives are at stake, and both the players are cold old professionals. One (Robert Mitchum) is the commander of a U.S. destroyer escort; the other (Curt Jürgens) is the captain of a German submarine.

The U-boat, making for a rendezvous with a surface raider, is sighted by the



DAVID LEAN
Best by both.

destroyer. The deadly game begins. The sub crash-dives, rises to periscope depth. Mitchum cunningly presents a target, hoping to draw the sting from the U-boat's tail—the shots from the stern tubes that cannot be readily reloaded. Jürgens fires; Mitchum, timing by instinct, dodges with seconds to spare and runs in for the kill with depth charges. But the German, reacting quickly, has already dived below the depth the charges are set for. Guessing his game, the American orders the charges reset for greater depth, but the sub circles smartly and vanishes into the vague.



ALEC GUINNESS
Funny in fits.

Mitchum thinks hard. Before the sighting, the sub had been steadily heading on a course of 140°, at top speed and on the surface. Surely, he reasons, the German captain would only take such a risk if he had to get somewhere fast; and if so, he would surely get back on his original 140° course as soon as he safely could. Quickly calculating what he would do in the same circumstances, Commander Mitchum resets his course. Half an hour later the destroyer's sonar picks up the telltale "pong" again.

Jürgens gasps: "He is a devil! He has read my mind."

So the game goes on. Dick Powell, whose direction is far more exciting than ever his crooning was, plays it to a fare-thee-well. He shows himself a scholar of the grammar of suspense, indicative and subjunctive.

The Adulteress (Hakim; Times Film) sounds as if it might be pornographic. It is based on Emile Zola's early novel, *Thérèse Raquin*, a somber slice of life that was called pornographic as soon as it came out. Neither book nor movie is. Written with Naturalist Zola's unfailing passion for the sordid underside of reality, the book showed how illicit love led to murder, how murder turned love to hate, how hate led to plots of new murders, and how a couple of suicides ended the whole bloody business. The movie plucks the story from the hands of fate and throws it into the lap of chance. It moves the locale from the Left Bank of the Seine to the wrong side of the Rhone, where an impassioned Lyonnaise beauty (Simone Signoret), bored with an inadequate husband, meets "un homme, un vrai" in the form of an Italian truck driver (Raf Valone). The lovers do not plot the husband's death, but they kill him anyway. After that, accidents keep following each other as if in mockery of Zola's thesis that the punishment must sprout from the seed of the crime.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Bridge on the River Kwai. A magnificently ironic, savage contest of wills in a Japanese prison camp; with Alec Guinness as an unbreakable British colonel, William Holden as a durable, devious U.S. Navyman (TIME, Dec. 23).

Ordet. A religious allegory, swathed in a peaceful northland light, by Denmark's Carl (Day of Wrath) Dreyer (TIME, Dec. 16).

Paths of Glory. A passion out of fashion, antimilitarism, vented by a gifted new director, 29-year-old Stanley Kubrick (TIME, Dec. 9).

Don't Go Near the Water. A daffy piece of South Pacification, based on William Brinkley's novel about some officers and men engaged in the Navy's public relations—and their own private affairs (TIME, Nov. 25).

Gervaise. Emile Zola's *L'Assommoir*, a vast cry of rage at man's fate, diminished by French taste into a touching story of a woman's ruin; with Maria Schell (TIME, Nov. 18).



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BOOKS

Hatpins & the Femina

To the troubled bubbling of the French literary cauldron, no one supplies more fire, or more newt's eyes, than twelve eccentric old ladies who meet every so often to nibble lunch, bite backs and, once every year, pass out one of France's top literary awards, the Prix Femina. Although the Femina's cash value is only 5,000 francs (\$12), the prize has enough prestige to guarantee a 100,000-copy sale to the novelist who lands it. To literary onlookers, the Femina's entertainment value is even greater; although the prize

no other Femina choice for 1957 than *Le Carrefour des Solitudes* (*The Crossroads of Loneliness*), by Christian Mègret.

Against Eroticism. To the Blue opposition the Duchesse rallied an impressive phalanx, including the Comtesse de Pange and onetime Actress Judith Cladel, 86. But the Simone forces seemed stronger; among others, the Red leader had lined up antediluvian Prix Fighter Saint-René Taillandier, Novelist Jeanne Galzy and Germaine Beaumont, a jury sifter of indeterminate vintage ("Age is fiction"). The week before the balloting, three lined-up Simone voters came down with the

side of his mouth ("Take a look at that guy's eyes: they're like oysters... you never see eyes like that except on a cop"). Though Mègret has never been in the U.S., he refers learnedly to lynchings, George Raft, Wall Street, Quaker Oats and the FBI. From patiently assembled bits of fact and near-fact, Author Mègret creates a work of ludicrously flawed vision. At one point, Buddy—who also writes poetry for *New Masses*—stands in front of Manhattan's Chrysler Building admiring a puddle, when he is splashed by "a sedan with a chauffeur in white livery, a car for the president of a corporation."

After some 400 pages of this, Buddy and the discus thrower meet in wartime France, clinch briefly (for a few pages the style is French), then are separated.

Whatever the merits of *Le Carrefour* (some critics praised it lavishly; others yawned: "A dead end"; "Does not contain one idea that has not been batted around a hundred times"), the power of the Prix Femina has been proved once again. By last week Mègret's jackpot-boiler had sold 111,000 copies, more than his eight previous novels together.

The Great Swell

THACKERAY: *THE AGE OF WISDOM—1847-1863* (523 pp.). Gordon N. Ray—McGraw-Hill (\$8).

William Makepeace Thackeray was the greatest prose stylist of his day, and the tallest (6 ft. 3 in.). Once, staring over the heads of a crowd, he saw himself being watched at a distance by "a strange visage" that studied him "with an expression of comical woebegoneness." Just as he was getting interested in the "rueful being," he discovered that it was himself, reflected in a mirror.

In his previous volume, *Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity*, University of Illinois Provost Gordon N. Ray, No. 1 living authority on Thackeray, described the tragedies that went into the making of the "rueful being"—particularly the death of Thackeray's infant daughter Jane and the insanity of his young wife Isabella. The new volume shows the saddened giant in his prime—the famed, wealthy author of *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond*; the doting father of two idolizing, teen-age daughters; the hero and leading spirit of all who detested the rambunctious literary supremacy of Charles Dickens. Author Ray's biography is less remarkable for its discussion of Thackeray as a novelist than for its description of Thackeray as a man—the best pen picture of the novelist that has been drawn.

Public & Private Man. In Dickens, the Victorian world came face to face with genius in its most overwhelming form, approaching the borders of madness and self-destruction. "No gentleman" was the well-bred Victorian's verdict on Dickens—confirmed when his home broke up because of his passion for Actress Ellen Ternan. But Thackeray was a gentleman—"as polished as a steel mirror and as cold," "a natural swell," a Platonic lover who politely bowed himself out of his



PRIX FIGHTERS SIMONE & GALZY WITH AUTHOR MÉGRET (CENTER)
After bombe glacée, hatpins and newt's eyes.

was created (in 1904) to bring literary women closer together, the hatpin-tongued old fates who hand it out feud continually, and in a good season their pother can all but drown out the crash of a falling French Cabinet.

This is a good season, thanks largely to the leader of the "Red" faction of the Femina jury (named for its sanguine literary tastes and bloody infighting), a novelist, playwright and onetime actress known only as Simone (real name: Pauline Benda). "Several years ago," according to an acquaintance, "she stationed her age at a permanent 75." She reads a novel a day, still manages to take a personal interest in handsome young writers. Madame Simone is laughably and heartily despised by the "Blue" faction (named for the hue of its blood), led by a scientist, mathematician and relative youngster, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, 62. An oldtime suffragette and notorious pincher of sous (says a fellow juror: "She dresses in a splendid mink coat lined with rayon"), the Duchesse blazed in protest when her arch-antagonist grandly announced that she would accept

grippe. In silence, at the deciding luncheon, the embattled ladies spooned their *bombe glacée*. When the voting began, the committee was deadlocked, but under pressure from Madame Simone, one Blue member began to abstain. Snerled another Blue: "My poor friend, once again you have understood absolutely nothing!" The third abstention, on the seventh ballot, allowed crafty Parliamentarian Simone to invoke a tie-breaking rule: as acting President, she cast two votes, and Novelist Mègret, 53, had his Prix Femina. Cried the done-in Duchesse: "I am proud to have voted against eroticism!"

Toward the Clinch. Actually, the winning book is less an erotic bedtime story than a kind of literary badminton match, in which the reader is the bird; it tells, in alternate chapters, the separate stories of a slum-crawling, dope-pushing American Negro and a broad-beamed Russian lady discus thrower. The Soviet episodes are written in maundering, meandering imitation of what Henry James would have called the "fluid-pudding" style of Russian prose. In the American chapters Author Mègret tries hard to talk out of

passion for a married woman when her husband objected. In public, Thackeray came to represent everything that Dickens derided in the life of high society.

Much of Thackeray's hauteur was put on to conceal the violent, sudden spasms of pain that came from his malfunctioning stomach and bladder. Much was a disguise for his sensitivity and loneliness. The rest was a sort of game. He was proud of being a great gourmet—like his friend Lord Houghton, who died murmuring: "My exit is the result of too many entrées." He was a wit; once he greeted a quack doctor with "a very low bow" and the words: "I hope, sir, that you will live longer than your patients." He tempered the generosity of a prince with a biting common sense—as in his answer to a request for money for a friend's tombstone: "I lent Maginn £500 in his life time and he paid me £20 back. I think I have done enough in giving him bread—let other philanthropists give him a stone."

Sixpence per Line. With intimates, Thackeray's conversation was "decidedly loose" (lost forever, presumably, is the remainder of his limerick about "... the Countess Guiccioli/Who slept with Lord Byron habitually"). He enjoyed going to pubs, or, as one enemy described it: "[He] not infrequently condescends to wither mankind through his spectacles from one of the marble tables." His love of bad puns was notorious ("A good one is not worth listening to"). Said a friend: "I recollect him now, wiping his brow after trying vainly to help the leg of a tough fowl, and saying he was 'heaving a thigh.'"

Thackeray delighted in debunking his own art. In his novel *Philip*, he wrote: "When I think how this very line, this very word, which I am writing represents money, I am lost in a respectful astonishment . . . I am paid sixpence per line. With [these last 67 words] I can buy a loaf, a piece of butter, a jug of milk, a modicum of tea—actually enough to make breakfast for the family." Such digressions helped to conceal the sweat and effort that Thackeray put into his work. "I can see him pointing now with his finger," wrote his daughter Anny, "to two or three little words. Sometimes he would show us a few lines & say, there that has been my days work. I have sat before it till I nearly cried & nothing would come."

Heaven or the Other Place. As a writer, he declined in the last years of his life. In *The Virginians*, *Lovel the Widower* and *Philip* he merely demonstrated the half-truth of a later dictum that "all authors are musical-boxes which play a limited number of tunes." And yet, at the time of his death he was, like Dickens with *Edwin Drood* and Stevenson with *Weir of Hermiston*, midway through what remained a brilliant fragment—*Denis Duval*. Dickens considered it "the best of all his works."

The day before Christmas 1863, when Thackeray was only 52, his digestion and what he amiably called his "defective water-works" broke down for the last time, and with breakdown came a "cer-



NOVELIST THACKERAY
Every word brought bread and butter.

bral effusion." As all London's great hostesses and VIPs were "out of town" for Christmas, it was "a vast assemblage of writers and painters" that escorted the Great Swell to his chosen grave beside his infant daughter. The glowing obituaries ranked him with the literary Olympians, but his friends recalled that he had never cared for that company. "If Goethe is a god," Thackeray once said, "I'm sure I'd rather go to the other place."

Writer With Boxing Gloves

THE PROFESSIONAL (338 pp.)—W. C. Heinz—Harper (\$3.95).

One of the remarkable facts about U.S. daily journalism is that its most talented practitioners write about games for boys—or, at any rate, about games for men with boyish hearts. Still, the situation is bearable when the sportswriters stick to sports. The trouble begins when, like aging college athletes shadow-boxing before the bathroom mirror, they tangle with that elusive opponent, literature.

On the jacket of this novel by Freelance Sportswriter W. C. Heinz, the reader is warned of its contents by Quentin Reynolds, himself an ex-athlete (Brown's football team of 1923) and a sportswriter so eminent that he no longer writes sports. Reynolds' warning: Heinz never loses "the hard jab of actuality." The New York *Herald Tribune's* Sports Columnist Red Smith, no athlete, puts in a few jabs of his own: "Here are the people; this is what they are like, how they think, how they talk." Actually Heinz's characters turn out not to be "the people" at all, but a fight mob and the literary agents who write about them.

The You-Man Sentence. Two warning signs mark the literary he-man pusher: the use of the historical present and a tendency to address the reader as "you." Nearly 20 years ago, British Critic Cyril Connolly said that the "you-man sentence" finally "would seem to have had its day" (Connolly alleged James Joyce started the whole thing). But sportswriters, who might believe a man named Connolly, would never listen to a character called Cyril.

W. C. (for Wilfred Charles) Heinz makes the point in what he has to say about the view from the New York elevated: "You can see the flower pots, too, on the fire escapes. Most of them have geraniums in them . . . and always, a long time after they shouldn't be there any longer, you'll see the long, yellow leaves of Easter lilies, and the pink foil still around the pots."

The Professional, though, is not roses, lilies and geraniums all the way. It's about the fight game, see. It is told in the first person by this sportswriter who signs his stuff Frank Hughes. The story begins with Hughes's recollections as one of a bunch of sportswriters returning from an Army-Fordham game (it was bloody as all get out). "After that first half, Fordham couldn't have won except by a knockout," says Tom Meany, Jimmy Cannon says: "How about that?" Cannon and Meany, of course, are both real-life sportswriters who would, at one time or another, have recognized each other at Toots Shor's. This sort of thing solves a problem confronting all novelists—how to create real characters. Well, in a you-man sentence, you just put in real men.

The Dumb Oxen. As for the plot, it is about a fighter called Eddie and his manager, Doc, and about how Eddie may or may not have made the middleweight crown. But another thing this book offers, apart from a reasonably effective story, is wonderful examples of tough prose. One minor character is wondering about what happened to another character named Angelo. "Twenty to life," replies another character named Frankie. "He killed some poor slob run a candy store. They shoulda juiced him, but they give him twenty to life. Just a hood." *The Professional*, in short, is a classic example of the Hemingwayward conviction that small words must be used to denote big things.

The missing element in the book is, of course, the quality of thought. Hemingway's "dumb oxen" did not remain dumb, because Hemingway, after all, was capable of thought. Not so the sports-jacketed, impressively cicatrized authors who still follow Hemingway out of the Land of Letters into the Land of Ham. At one point Author Heinz has his Neanderthal narrator muse: "I can never figure out how the mind works." Somewhere there must be a literary line coach getting the squad together with the injunction: "Please, fellers, just once more, try for dear old Harper's, try figure how that mind works. Hit that mind with all you got."

The trouble is that you cannot write novels about boxers with boxing gloves.

Life Is a Four-Letter Word

SOME CAME RUNNING (1,266 pp.)—James Jones—Scribner (\$7.50).

James Jones is the Stanley Kowalski of U.S. letters. Bulkied into the sweaty T shirt of latter-day realism, he stirs raw sex, raw talk, raw emotions and raw ideas in a crude vat of the rawest home-brewed English. In *From Here to Eternity*, this concoction helped put across Novelist Jones's abrasive vision of a little-known area of U.S. life, the peacetime Regular Army. Steamy with sex, *Some Came Running* may hit the same one-armed bandit of bestselling success, but it is more than one-third longer (some 700,000 words in all) than king-sized *Eternity*—and three-thirds duller.

Dave Hirsh, late-thirtyish mock hero of *Running*, is that stock figure of much modern fiction, the self-pitying sore head who believes that the world owes him a loving. Dave is a World War II veteran and the author of two minor novels. He has been AWOL from his typewriter for seven years, and Choctaw rather than English would appear to be his first language. Sample: "A person could actually kill themselves that way." On an alcoholic whim, Dave returns in 1947 to Parkman, Ill., the hick home town he had deserted 19 years earlier in flight from a paternity charge lodged against him by a hay-prone hoyden. Parkman is Peyton Place transplanted, with more skeletons than it has closets.

Pigs in a Brassiere Factory. Dave's father is a salty old reprobate who once ran off with the family doctor's wife and returned only to booze away his social security money at the local bars. Older brother Frank, acting head of the family, is a canny millionaire-in-the-making and a guilt-ridden lecher who loses successive mistresses to his wife's beagle-eyed sleuthing. Dave cannot stand the pompous Philistinism of Frank and his circle, gravitates toward Parkman's lower depths, a kind of Mermaid Tavern setting where the young toughs drink, brawl and frolic with the "pigs" who work at the brassiere factory. The arbiter of this elegant bunch is "Bama Dillert, a gambler without a river boat. 'Bama is a cool autocrat of the poker table, and Dave Hirsh shortly becomes his equally cool partner. 'Bama believes that luck is a function of the brain and that man will eventually master it ("maybe that's the next stage of life or evolution us human beings will evolve up to or something like that").

The next stage of life for Dave is his strange platonic affair with Gwen French. Gwen is teacher of "creative writing" at Parkman College, where "the sharp vinegary smell of intellectual ferment was everywhere . . . and the sizzling sound of the frying brains." Naturally, Dave falls into her skillet. He dreams of "a long, rich, exchangeable, reaching out, and perhaps even sometimes touching, making contact, love affair." But Gwen French believes that unrequited love drives a man to ink. Dave's novel progresses to

a tattoo of discipline and advice ("Don't complexify it").

The complexifying thing, it turns out, is that Gwen is a virgin of 35, desperately posing as a woman of the world. In moods of blue solitude, she drags down her poet-father's hidden collection of pornographic slides and projects a few lubricious scenes on the fireplace wall. Poor Dave, the man of "exquisite sensibilities," breaks training altogether by bedding down with a shapeless lump of sensuality from the brassiere factory and later marrying her. Finally, his wife's berserk first husband plants a bullet in his brain. After what Dave has been through, this is arguably a happy ending. Besides, Novelist Jones has Dave



Arthur Shay—LIFE
NOVELIST JONES EXERCISING
More skeletons than closets.

will his manuscript to his peerless editor Gwen, and everyone knows that getting published is what really counts.

Without Water Wings. Says James ("I got over my inferiority complex") Jones of *Some Came Running*: "I'm fully satisfied, but I hesitate to call it great, on grounds of immodesty." Actually almost all of it is as silly as its plot. The book is one vast notions counter of half-fashioned ideas on life, love and literature. Its central proposition is the trite one that no one can swim in the sea of life without the water wings of illusion. At its best, *Some Came Running* does reflect the cultural claustrophobia of small-town life and the personality quirks that sometimes go with it. At its frequent worst, it is a mishmash of joyless fornication, head-splitting hangovers, and a neo-Dreiserian conviction that life itself is a four-letter word.

In sheer bulk (1,266 pp.), *Some Came Running* begs for superlatives and earns at least one—it is the biggest literary sleeping pill (2 lbs. 11 oz.) of the season, a title that few felieved could be wrested from *Atlas Shrugged* (2 lbs. 10 oz.).

MISCELLANY

Love Match. In Tottori, Japan, Fire Insurance Co. Manager Chikwo Iwamoto, 36, burned down his mistress' house, explained to police: "She had become cool to me."

Runner-Up. In Sitka, Alaska, the *Sentinel* carried an advertisement: "For Sale: Engagement ring, 3 weeks old, never worn. Will sell for 2nd place with six others. Will tied cheap."

False Alarm. In Wethersfield, Conn., William H. Coney was fined \$6 for having a noisy muffler, despite his protest that it kept him from falling asleep while driving.

Scrambled Yegg. In El Centro, Calif., Willis Mallory, asked why he broke into a house, heated up a can of spaghetti and melted crayons in it, replied: "It all seems like a dream."

Tranquilizer. In Hicksville, N.Y., Alex Szwetowski pleaded innocent to drunken driving, admitted he had been drinking when arrested after an accident but insisted that he was only sipping some wine to soothe his nerves.

Research Project. In Courtenay, B.C., Herbert Emerson Wilson, 74, author of *I Stole \$16,000,000* and other works describing the futility of crime, was fined \$200 for stealing \$2 worth of meat from a chain store.

Extended Test. In Lancaster, N.Y., George G. Morgan, 31, held on a vagrancy charge after driving 8,000 miles in a car taken from a Victoria, Texas auto dealer, protested: "The salesman told me to take her out for a trial spin, but he didn't say how far to go."

Card Sharp. In San Bernardino, Calif., a card stuck in the windshield of an illegally parked car bore an exchange of messages: "Dear Officer, I ran out of gas and money. 'too," followed by "Dear Citizen, I'll give you an hour to earn some money and buy some gas."

Panty Waste. In Tokyo, Theater Manager Ryohei Tanaka sent 1,200 pairs of black lace panties to Tokyo cabaret girls, offered them free tickets to the movie *Don't Go Near the Water* if they showed up wearing the garments, ruefully hired a fashion model to salvage his misfired publicity stunt when not one girl showed up.

Touch & Glow? In Washington, D.C., FBI agents gingerly arrested Brown Coleman and James Thompson while the two were loading into Coleman's car 20 lead bars stolen from the Naval Research Laboratory (where they were used as shields for experimental reactors), made a quick check, happily discovered the loot was not radioactive.

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FRENCH LICK, Ind.
French Lick-Sheraton

RAPID CITY, S. D.
Sheraton-Johnson

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
Sheraton-Martin

Sheraton-Warrior

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
Sheraton-Cargander

Sheraton-Catawact

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
Sheraton-Montrose

PACIFIC DIV.

SAN FRANCISCO
Sheraton-Palace

LOS ANGELES
Sheraton-Town House

PASADENA
Huntington-Sheraton

CANADIAN DIV.

MONTREAL
Sheraton-Mt. Royal

The Laurentien

TORONTO
King Edward Sheraton

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.
Sheraton-Brock

HAMILTON, Ont.
Royal Connaught

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